

OREGON VOICE

Volume 22 Issue IV

the Cash Home issue

ELLIOTT STATE FOREST
TIME BANKS | ONE WORLD CURRENCY
DANCE IT YOURSELF | MATT COURT

VACUUMING UP QUARTERS SINCE 1989

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OREGON VOICE

Editor's Note:

The magazine you now hold in your hands cost a little over 82 cents to produce. Thirty-three of those cents went to paper alone (good ol' 36/80 HiBright, a light, glossless stock, perfect for back-pocket toting). Color pages put us back another 22 cents, and the remaining 27 hundredths of a buck paid for our Salem-based printer to cut, bind, and deliver these bad boys to our EMU office. Printing 1,500 copies twice a term, the cost adds up.

Thankfully, the Associated Students of the University of Oregon have our back. The aspiring bureaucrats of our student government are doing at least one thing right: directing a small fraction of your \$192 incidental fee to the **OREGON VOICE** and other student publications. I appreciate the bone they've thrown us, for without it, we couldn't print a page. Money makes the world go 'round, and the world of journalism's no different.

Although every meal I've eaten, every sneaker I've rocked, and every class I've sat through was paid for with currency, rarely do I pause to ponder what money really is. Money is a tool. It lubricates the cogs of our economy. To directly barter one good or service for another can be tricky because one person's assets don't always match another person's needs. Money, the ultimate middleman, provides a common economic denominator; it allows a college professor to buy things from non-students.

Sometimes though our tools use us. As novelist Tom Robbins notes in *Skinny Legs and All*, during economic depressions, when houses foreclose and people go hungry, there is actually no shortage of material wealth: "Plenty of coal in the ground, corn in the fields, wool on the sheep. What is missing is not materials but an abstract unit of measurement called 'money.' It is akin to a starving woman with a sweet tooth lamenting that she can't bake a cake because she doesn't have any ounces. She has butter, flour, eggs, milk, and sugar, she just doesn't have any ounces, any pinches, any pints." Money is a means easily confused for an end.

Money is also quite dirty. Not only are there particles of feces and cocaine on almost every bill in circulation, but it also has an undeniable tendency to bring out a person's unsavory, self-serving nastiness.

This issue of the **OREGON VOICE** is about keeping money in its right place — using it in righteous ways while keeping our hands clean. Although we offer a step-by-step guide on how to make it rain and revel in the conspicuous consumption of rapper-turned-oil-tycoon Bryan "Birdman" Williams, we also investigate the unseen burdens imposed on small businesses and the stinginess of campus café-goers. As star writer Grace Pettygrove moves on to bigger, higher-paying things, she leaves us with an article on the true costs of logging the Elliot State Forest. And our Eugene Free School, Emerald Valley Time Exchange, and One World Currency features explore alternatives to the dollar system as a whole.

The monetary price of producing the Cash Money Issue hardly reflects its value. Our writers, illustrators, editors, designers, and multimedia team poured their blood, sweat, and tears into this one. (That's a figure of speech. No OV staff members were harmed in the making of this magazine.) I hope you enjoy it.

Legal tenderness,

Noah

OFFICIAL STUFF

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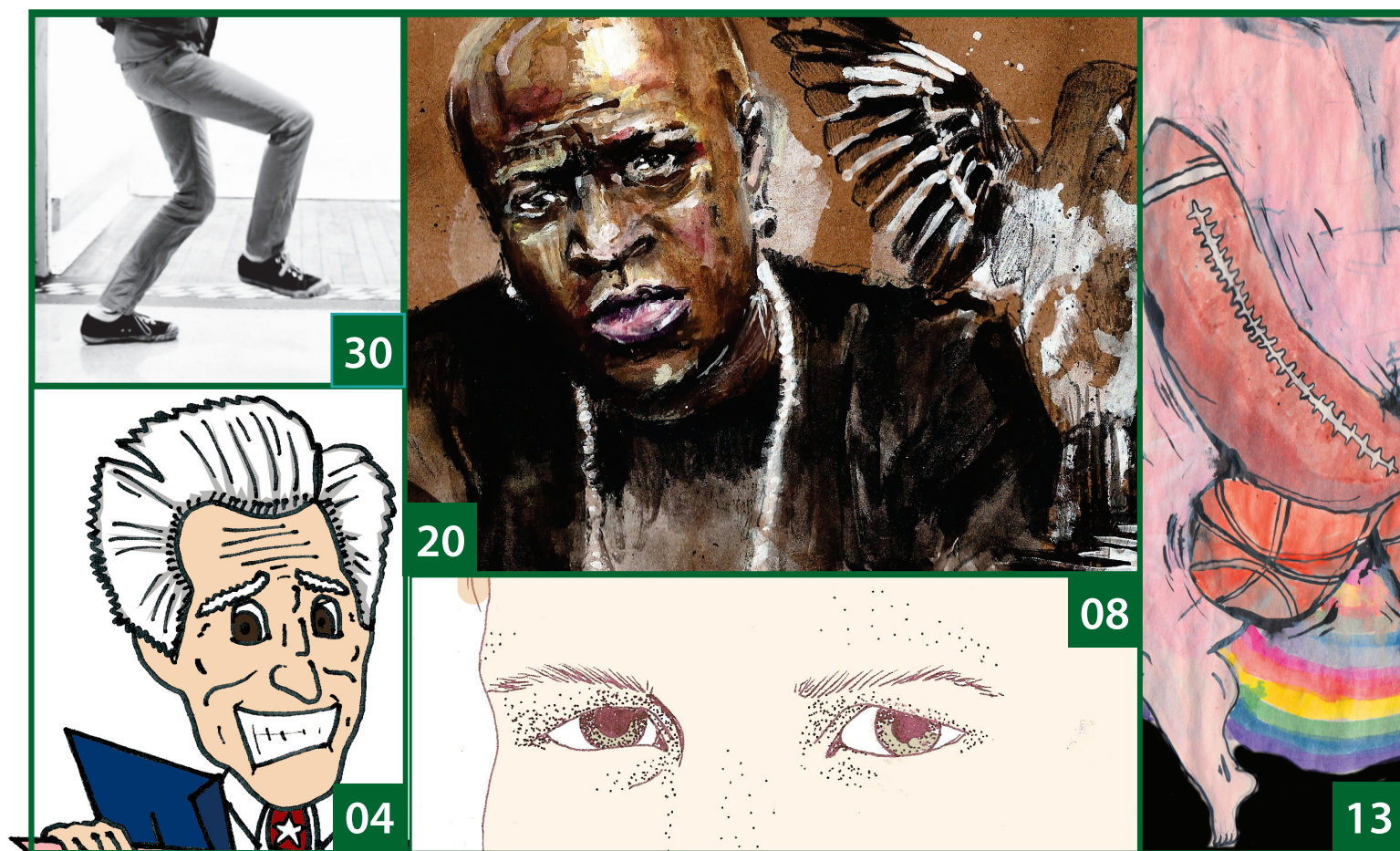
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WTF SKYMAIL

words JORDAN CHESNUT

I often find myself confronted with the question: "Where did you find such an elegant 16th century Italian globe replica?" No one can resist the Tuscan old-world charm, nautical sepia maps, and faux-mahogany stand. The most titillating part of all, however, is that when unhinged along its meridian, the globe reveals a fully equipped interior mini-bar display, ideal for serving raspberry desert wine among company. My answer to these jealous guests is always the same: I chuckle and casually name-drop the new

collection at Trump Home Furnishings. Did I say Trump Home Furnishings? What I meant was SkyMall. I bought my Italian Globe Bar in an airplane catalogue (shhh...).

SkyMall has graced airline seat pockets since its birth in 1990, and generated \$81.5 million from its website in 2009 alone. Obviously I'm not its only patron. The corporation, notorious for patenting and producing quirky, ridiculous inventions, was founded in response to a new generation — one of jaded, Adderall-prescribed youths who spent the majority of their in-flight time with a Walkman or GameBoy. Companies noticed

the growing disenchantment with mini pretzels and window seats, so consumerism saddled up, proving to everyone the versatility of capitalism and necessity of personalized steak branders. But really, as it's marketed, "every man needs a stainless steel BBQ Branding Iron ... presented in the personalized cedar gift box." WTF.

WTF JACKSON'S RACIST TWENTIES

words JENNIFER BUSBY
art NICK JACOBS

Most of us know Andrew Jackson as "that guy on the 20," but he's also a symbol of American colonialism. While it's chill to be proud of your country and its leaders, it's fucked up to celebrate a guy who cheered on the mass murder of Native Americans.

No president has been perfect, but to immortalize the driving force behind the Indian Removal Act is akin to celebrating genocide. Even in 2007, the US refused to adopt the UN's Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, demonstrating that this nation has done little to take responsibility for historic and modern treatment of indigenous Americans.

The Secretary of the Treasury picks

the people who are featured on our bills. Instead of Jackson, how about JFK? Although his foreign policy was messy and involved US complicity in mass murders in Iraq, he strove for nuclear nonproliferation, strengthened the domestic economy, and worked toward equal rights for African Americans and women.

Any number of prominent civil rights figures could also be recognized. Those on our bills need not be presidents. In the past, journalists, commodores, and justices have appeared on the twenty. Before the establishment of the Federal Reserve, Lady Liberty graced these bills. She could grace them again. After all, she's a symbol of something worth celebrating: freedom.

WTF FREEMASONS

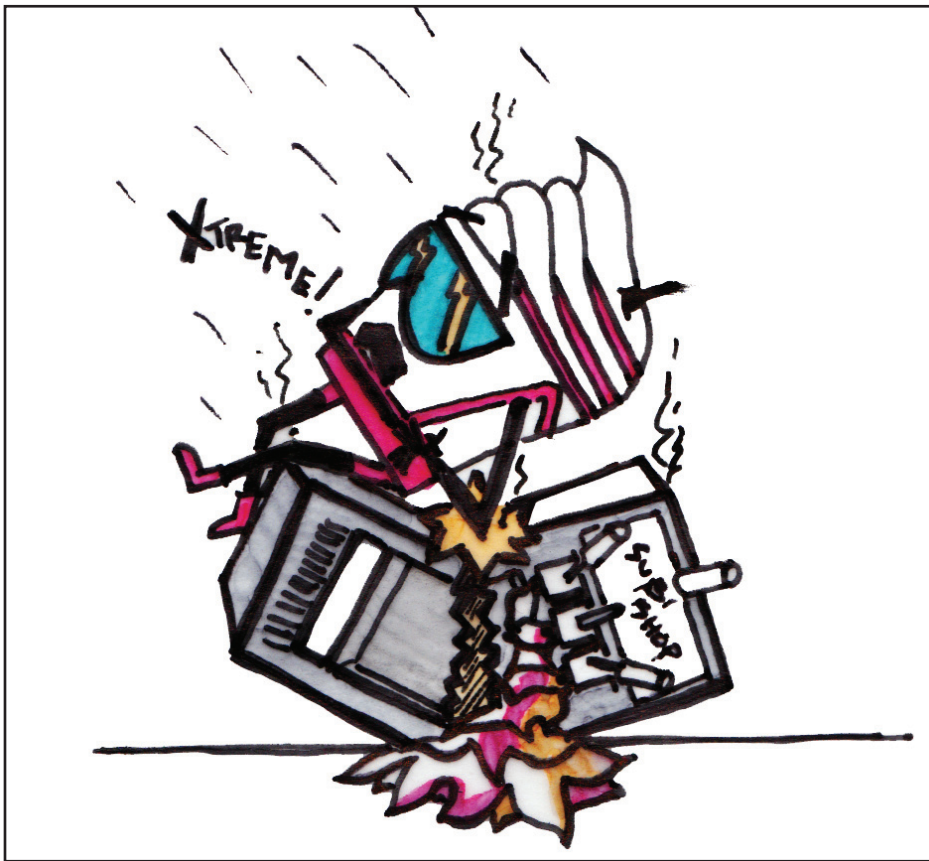
words JOSEPH DE SOSA

Freemasons. An underground organization with ties to the inner workings of major governments around the world, or just a fraternity of weird old men who meet twice a month to drink beer and exchange secret handshakes? The old fucks didn't answer my e-mail, so I don't actually know. However, according to their website (www.masonicinfo.com/Member), it's all about fraternity. In a promotional video, one Masonic member defined this word as "a group of males who have banded together with a formal rule structure that governs their organization."

Famous Masons include George Washington, Joseph Stalin, George Bush(es), Benjamin Franklin and apparently Jack the Ripper (though according to one Youtube comment, Jack stopped paying his fees before killing the prostitutes). This league of either noble or demented white males has long been suspected of controlling the world. Conspiracy theorists allege that Masons are responsible for 9/11, the assassination of JFK, a Judeo-Mason scheme for world domination, and teaming up with the Illuminatis for Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code*. WTF Freemasons? You fuck so much shit up.



WTF Allan Bros, you call that caffeinated? **WTF** Ants, why are you in my computer? **WTF** Holy Cow employees, you guys are legit as fuck. **WTF** People who get to class early and sit in aisle seats. move your fuckin knees. **WTF** Freeloading mice, living in my house without paying rent. **WTF** Construction, give us our sidewalks back. **WTF** Tom's shoes, why are you made in China? **WTF** Tom's toothpaste, why are you made in Maine? **WTF** Radiohead, why you always gotta reinvent the wheel?



WTF YOGURT EXTREME

words MAGGIE APPEL

art NICK JACOBS

While I consider myself a devout fan of both frozen yogurt and extremity, I cannot support the arrival of a new and slightly more convenient frozen yogurt shop in the campus area. You may have noticed the newly opened shop, Yogurt Extreme, when turning your head in avoidance of Frrog on 13th, but if you continue your stroll around the block you will find that a well-established yogurt bar already exists within the 23-year-old Campus Sub Shop.

Over the last year Campus Sub has revolutionized their frozen yogurt system to be a self-serve paradise, complete with a bountiful assortment of toppings and syrups so mesmerizing that you forget all about how weird it smells in there. You might be thinking, "What the fuck yogurt place are you talking about, bitch?" Indeed, this confusion may be the humble eatery's downfall. Many people seem to be unaware of Campus Sub's existence, whereas Evilnewyogurtplace is conve-

niently located right next to the Duck Store. If they put out as much as one sandwich board, I fear that it will all be over for Campus Sub. I can see it now, this Yogurt Extreme establishment twirling its moustache with delight at the thought of nabbing all of the sweet-toothed/figure-watching students as they pass by. Like a pedophile with a sack of candy and a white van, relentless will they be in their efforts to lure us inside. Resist!

Though I'm sure everyone is happy to see that China Blue no longer exists, as consumers we cannot support this self-proclaimed 'extreme' Yo-Cream distributor trying to fuck with Mom and Pop. And by "consumers" I mostly mean sorority girls — I can't help but notice the herds of black leggings frequently getting their fro-yo on. I think it's safe to say that the ladies of Greek-whatever are putting their parents' money to good use by keeping Campus Sub alive. So ladies, please, keep your attraction to extremity limited to the haircuts and colognes of your male suitors, and remain loyal to your oldest non-fat friends at Campus Sub. And that goes for you too, everyone else.

"I could Google cute animal babies all day."

"I have honestly had sex to almost every Disney movie..."

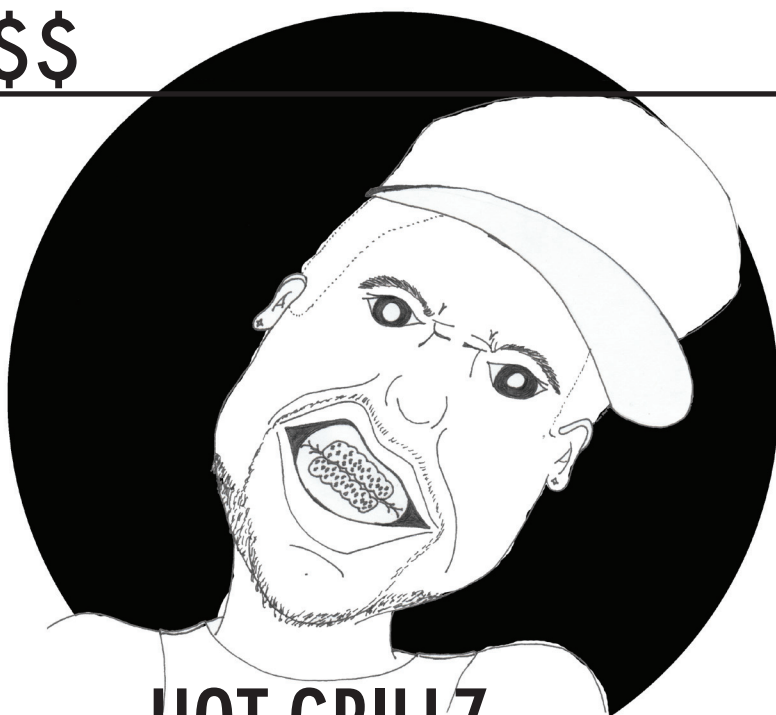
"What is polysorbate 20 and should I be putting it in my vagina?"

"What's your other one? Mine's bigger."

"It's not gross if you don't think about it."

"I just love doing whip-its and listening to Dubstep because its like 'womp womp womp.'"

\$\$\$



HOT GRILLZ

words **SAMUEL TEPE**
art **BRANDY DOMINGUEZ**

Last October, outlandish asshole Kanye West reportedly exchanged his bottom row of evolutionally refined pearlies for some \$6,000-worth of ice. How's that for putting your money where your mouth is? But really, this ridiculous act of ego inflation epitomizes the abandoned concept of a grill.

Which reminds me, what ever happened to grillz?

Though grillz were quite popular at the dawn of the millennium, "the trend is unquestionably dead," said Aaron Scott,

Portland jeweler and experienced grillz manufacturer.

Along with the title of Most Egomaniacal Man Alive, Kanye has bought himself endless dental frustrations and the burden of constantly repping an exhausted fashion style.

I guess bloody gums are just the price you pay for eternal swagga. One thing is for sure: Kanye's got a taste for those blood diamonds. Forever ever? Forever ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever?

	ITEM DESCRIPTION	DATE
1	Do you need CASH MONEY	
2	in your wallet ASAP. Try	
3	these [legal] ways to get a	
4	fatter bill fold within the day.	
5		
6	• Oregon Hall offers a once-per-term	
7	short term loan up to \$300. It can be	
8	credited to your student account, and	
9	taken out of your financial aid for the	
10	next term.	
11	• Sell your shit. Try the less beaten path,	
12	those stores are usually less picky.	
	The Clothes Horse, the Smith Family	
	Bookstore downtown etc.	
	• Busking, or street performance. Do	
	you have a talent? It doesn't really	
	matter. People will appreciate your	
	braveness with their spare change.	
	Hopefully.	
	• Some credit cards give cash advances.	
	If you're going to count your chickens	
	before they hatch...just be pretty	
	certain that...they're going to hatch.	
	• Use your manpower or ladypower to	
	do some manual labor for a neighbor.	
	The plight of a college student is	
	usually a good enough selling point	
	for an elderly neighbor. A few hours,	
	and cha-ching.	



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REGION IN REVOLT

US Aids Corrupt Arab Regimes

words **BEN STONE**
art **MARY HALL**

After weeks of countrywide protests, Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak finally released his stranglehold on the nation he ruled for thirty years. Chants of “down, down Hosni Mubarak” outside his bedroom window may have led to his decision.

In the weeks before Mubarak’s February 11 resignation, protesters fed-up with Mubarak and his oppressive policies were plastered over the daily news cycle. “I have been in Tahrir for four days. I don’t understand, why doesn’t he get [it], he needs to go,” said protester Ahmed Khidr.

President Obama’s response was not as clear. While he gave props to the protesters’ desire for democracy and reform and their peaceful methods, he refused to comment on their main focus — stripping Mubarak of his power. Obama’s stance provided a sobering glimpse of the strange and cloudy relationship between Egypt and the United States.

At the 1978 peace talks at Camp David, when Jimmy Carter met with Egyptian President Anwar El Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, Egypt agreed to officially recognize the state of Israel. This was big news, and to reward this cooperation, the United States established an annual fund of more than \$1 billion for Egypt. Three years later, when Sadat was assassinated, Vice President Mubarak took power, beginning a 30-year period of bogus elections, lack of democracy, a pathetic job market, and scarce communication with a seriously bummed out the populace. He maintained order, however, through an oppressive police presence. Scholar and developing-world foreign relations expert Vijay Prashad estimated that there is one officer for every 37 Egyptians, and recently leaked American diplomatic cables reference regular brutality and torture of dissidents.

The relationship between Egypt and the US is a model that applies to Tunisia, Jordan, and Yemen, which are also deep into revolution. The State Department has reported widespread corruption and torture in all three, yet the US gives these countries millions of dollars annually to use as they please.

The time for blindly giving these governments



money to help keep the Middle East peaceful is over. The United States should direct its funds towards the projects giving Middle Easterners the same things Americans want — a decent job, food on the table, and safety for their family. And, as Christopher Hitchens wrote, “people do not like to be treated like fools.” These protesters want their pride back.

LARIVIER-O-NOMICS

US Aids Corrupt Arab Regimes

words **BEN JONES**

President Lariviere’s proposed solution to the University of Oregon’s current funding deficit — will not only change how we get our funding, but also how we spend it. The New Partnership would enable funding for an armed campus police force. The Department of Public Safety would become the Eugene Police Department’s campus wing.

Our school is already in trouble, considering that only eight percent of the university’s

budget currently comes from the state of Oregon. The majority of private donations go towards athletics; most recently, Phil Knight donated hundreds of millions to build the Matthew Knight Arena. We also know that the privately funded Jaqua Center also used over \$2 million of student money. The university increases spending on infrastructure and athletics at three times the rate of academics, according to campus news blog UO Matters.

The New Partnership is an attempt to address the shortage of money we receive from the state, as well as how private funding is distributed. But if President Lariviere’s proposal passes the state legislature, our university will be controlled by the new, nebulous UO Governing board and the UO Foundation. According to its website, the UO Foundation currently only handles “management and distribution of gifts,” which means it controls private donations. But with the New Partnership, it will also be responsible for managing an \$800 million state bond.

According to Lariviere’s proposal, the UO Governing Board will be comprised of 15 people,

who will act as the University's CEOs, only one of which will be a student. The New Partnership will separate the UO Governing Board from any public oversight after giving this body control over our tuition, which last year President Lariviere (forthwith referred to as PrezLav) lobbied to hike up 15 percent, according to ASUO Legislative Coordinator Ben Bowman.

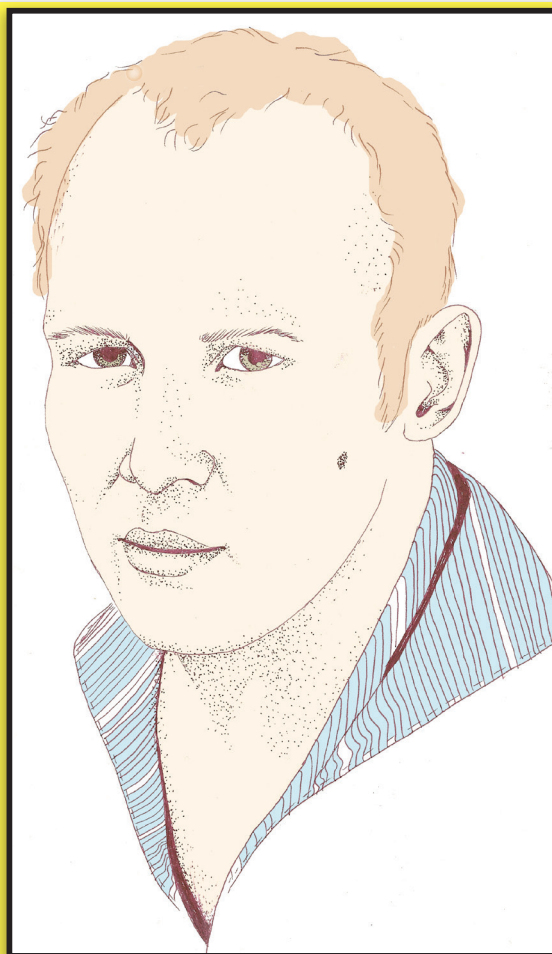
Included in the proposal is funding for DPS to turn into a full-fledged wing of the Eugene Police Department. While we don't know how much this transition will cost, in 2007 this same proposal for DPS was estimated to cost \$4 million. I thought the point of this proposal was to save money.

On Tuesday, March 1, students went up to Salem for the State Senate hearing on the New Partnership where the floor opened to public testimony. Senator Chris Edwards and PrezLav spoke for the proposal while students and members of the Oregon Student Association spoke against it. The bill is currently in the Senate education committee. When that committee is satisfied with the bill, they will bring it to the senate floor. If it passes, it will move on to the House and eventually to the governor. However, if the bill doesn't make it to the House by June 1, the bill for the New Partnership will be dead on the floor.

The goal of restructuring is to give the school more flexibility with earning and using its money. Yet with this proposal, we will have to raise \$800 million to pay off our state bond. The administration has no clear plan for raising this sort of money. I talked to a student who claims to have overheard administrators discussing how much money could be made in selling bottled water to California.

At the very least, this proposal should allow students to know where the school is receiving donations from or give us the power to allocate funds to academics before athletics. The biggest fear for students in this proposal should be tuition hikes. "We will very likely have high tuition increases," said ASUO President Amelie Rousseau. Students and the state will have less power in this important decision.

All this restructuring seems to do is give the administration the ability to channel more money away from students and into the pockets of corporations and athletics. Oh, and a new police force to crush any dissent.



KESEY IN THE LIB WITH DIAMONDS

UO has Key to Author's Life Works
research **JOSEPH SAVAGE**
words **NOAH DEWITT**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

In the Special Collections section of the Knight Library, in a temperature-controlled vault behind six key-coded doors, around 100 boxes of Ken Kesey's unpublished works sit waiting for the University of Oregon to raise enough money to purchase them. Currently, the UO is steward, not owner, of the Ken Kesey Collection, which includes drafts of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*, correspondence, photos, and other materials relating to the famous author and counter-culture legend. Its most valuable item is the monumental *Jail Journal*, which Kesey wrote during a six-month sentence for marijuana possession charges.

"It was always Ken's intention that the

collection permanently reside here at the University of Oregon," said Professor James Fox, head of Special Collections. Before rising to literary fame and fathering the psychedelic movement of the 1960s, Kesey attended the University of Oregon. While earning his BA in Speech and Communication, he wrote a column for the Emerald and kicked much ass on the wrestling team. In the late '60s, after helping to spark the hippie counter-culture, he settled in Pleasant Hill, Oregon, where he remained until his death in 2001. The bronze statue of Kesey and his family in downtown Eugene symbolize his lasting connection to the local community.

"The Kesey family is hoping the University will find a way to raise the funds to allow [the collection] to stay here permanently," said Fox. The price is subject to change, but it was most recently appraised at \$2.9 million [which equates to roughly six bathroom tiles in the Jaqua Center].

Faye Kesey, Ken's widow, has given the UO the right of first refusal for a three-year period (we have about a year and a half left). If after the arrangement expires the UO still lacks the funds to buy the collection, "[Kesey's family will] explore other options," said Fox. "And believe me, there are other people who are interested."

According to the library's Kesey Collection webpage, if the UO fails to make it a permanent archive in the library, "the collection may well leave the state of Oregon, or be divided and sold into private hands." Letting other institutions or private collectors snatch up his life's works is not what Kesey wanted. It isn't what the Eugene community wants. And according to James Fox, it isn't what UO students and faculty want.

While the UO Foundation's Ken Kesey Fund is slowly collecting donations to aid the purchase, the cause needs more student support. If the campus populace put some pressure on President Lariviere and Provost James Bean, then perhaps money that would ordinarily go to funding enormous athletic complexes would be diverted to this more culturally and academically significant investment. To let the Kesey materials to fly away would be straight-up cuckoo.

DEAR PRETTY EYES

Submit questions for Pretty Eyes to oregonvoice@gmail.com. For emergencies, contact the Dear Pretty Eyes 24-hour crisis hotline: 503-975-2241.

wisdom **JOSH KENNETT**
photo **SREANG HOK**

I don't have pretty eyes. How can I get some pretty eyes?

B. Dick

Dear B. Dick,

Trade your big dick for some pretty eyes.

Currently I am in a relationship in which communication is the main problem. Whenever there's a conflict, my counterpart immediately becomes defensive and often spins the situation to seem like it's my fault. I love this person, but when these situations arise I wonder if it's worth all the worry and angst. I feel like I'm walking on eggshells whenever I'm around them. Should I put myself out there even further, or should I throw in my cards and end it?

Tween n'Turmoil

Well, TNT, I am all too familiar with these sorts of criminals. They steal your heart and then burn it at the stake. Good thing you have explosives to defend yourself. A relationship cannot function without honest communication. You need to tell this person exactly what you told me, but don't generalize saying, "You always spin it on me." Be specific; point out exact situations in which your partner refused to cooperate. Tell them you can't be in a relationship with someone who is unwilling to accept fault or criticism. If they are still unwilling to communicate respectfully and recognize times when they made mistakes, then I suggest you find someone who is. If you have to constantly worry about setting this person off then that is not a real relationship.

I'm considering reincorporating underwear into my wardrobe. Previously, I had worn boxer briefs, and I'm open to returning to them. But what if there's something new that I haven't even heard of yet?

Uniform Needs Drastic Infusion Er Somethin'

Well there really are only four categories, for men at least. They are as follows: long underwear, boxers, boxer-briefs, and what I call 'Whitey Tights.' So unless you are looking for something flamboyant with fray or feathers, or something kinky with leather and metal, then your functional options are quite obvious. I prefer Hanes Boxer Briefs. They are soft, keep things in place, and don't have a band that gives you a rash. Long Underwear, or what I call 'Long Johns,' are a necessity in the cold and wet Eugene winters. And if you want to go for a full body suit onsie, then you are the man of the house, UNDIES. But if you are looking for 'whitey tights,' there are three diverse general options I will provide: Fred Meyers, American Apparel, and REI. Good luck Rambo. I mean, UNDIES.

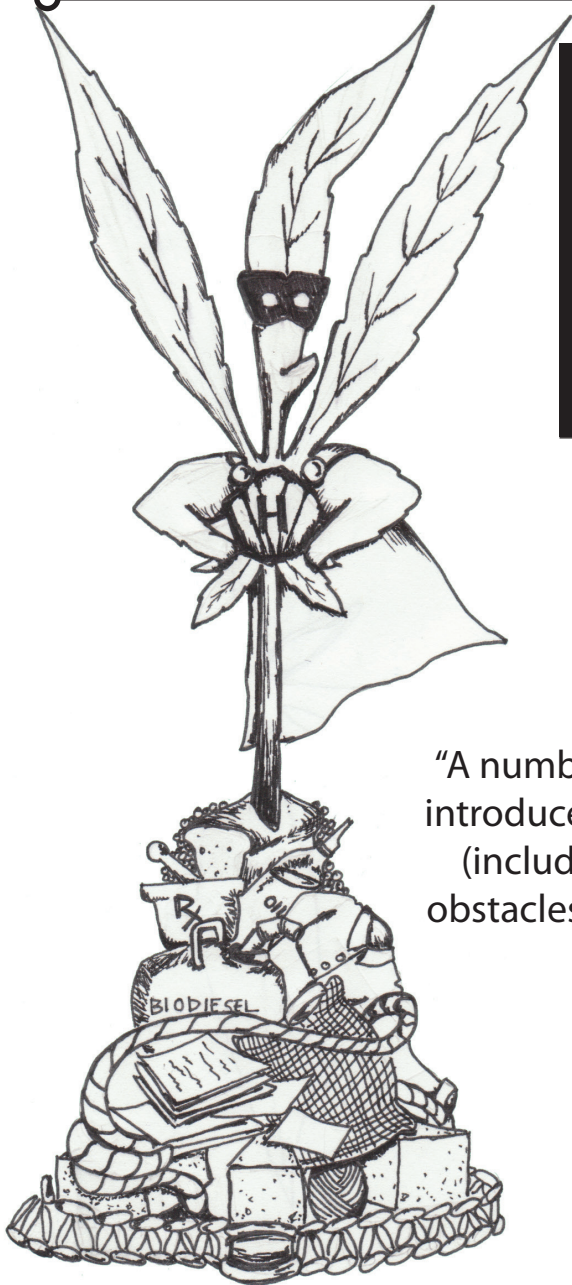
My roommate continues to hoard cats. It's atrocious. Every night, I come home to "new friends" polluting every square inch of my house. Every table, drawer, and basket comes complete with a tail sticking out of it. It's gross. What do I do?

Alex B.

Well, ABs, do you got a six-pack? How about a sick pack? If not, then why is your name AB? Your course of action is quite simple: tell your roommate what you want and why you want it. If you are willing to live with one cat, then say they can only have one cat. If you are unwilling to live with any cats, then say no cats. Are the cats messy? Do they litter everywhere? If the problem is their cleanliness then tell your roommate your concerns about that. If your roommate is unwilling to cooperate offer them an ultimatum: either you will move out or they will meet your demands, whatever they may be. Keep in mind that a compromise could be better than exile.



LOO\$E CHANGE



HELP HEMP HELP YOU

Behind Cannabis Criminalization

words **SAMUEL TEPE**
art **KIMBER GRIESSER**

Heartier than whole grain, as durable as cotton, and more medicinal than Advil, *Cannabis sativa* is one versatile plant. Capable of considerably curtailing fossil fuel reliance, doctoring terminal diseases, encouraging innovative enterprises, and inevitably minimizing the cost of living — one of the most functional

*BMW is experimenting with hemp materials in automobiles as part of an effort to make cars more recyclable.

*Hemp fibers are longer, stronger, more absorbent, and more mildew-resistant than cotton.

*Hemp can yield 3-8 dry tons of fiber per acre. This is four times what an average forest can yield.

*The products that can be made from hemp number over 25,000.

Source: North American Industrial Hemp Council



plants in the world is illegal to grow in the USA. Despite our nation's first-world ideologies and a major domestic market for hemp merchandise, cannabis cultivation within federal borders has been deemed criminal.

"A number of progressive states have introduced hemp legislation, and nine (including Oregon) have removed obstacles hindering hemp production and research."

Rooting in an atrocious history of political agendas and perpetuated through capitalistic incentives, hemp was senselessly criminalized in the 1930's. Andrew Mellon, Secretary of Treasury and co-founder of Mellon National Bank (the primary financier of Dupont Chemicals — whose latest developments permitted the production of tree-derived paper), is the abominable political menace responsible for outlawing this valuable commodity. With the help of William Randolph Hearst's sensationalist "yellow journalism" of the 1920s as well as the prodding motion pictures from 1936 such as *Marihuana: The Devil's Weed* and *Reefer Madness*, the public was ultimately deceived and, in turn, deprived of the truth.

Although it contains less than .01 percent of the psychoactive chemical THC, reasons for industrial hemp's illegality remain enigmatically absent. Commercial cannabis is completely free of any psychoactive properties, so it makes no sense to prohibit it.

Even though hemp can't get you stoned, the value of the plant is breathtaking. Retaining over 50 percent more cellulose (the organic element used to produce ethanol) than an average tree, regularly maturing from a seed within 100 days (a venture that takes trees multiple decades to match), yielding fibers longer and more durable than those of cotton, requiring zero pesticides (whereas cotton is responsible for one half of the pesticides used annually in the United States), and harboring miraculously nutritious seeds (which contain essential fatty acids and proteins found in no other single species in nature), it is safe to say that hemp is the raddest fucking plant on the planet.

"The protein in hemp is [composed] of all eight essential amino acids ... but there [are] also heaping amounts of Omega-3 and Omega-6 fatty acids," said Justin Kander, a hemp entrepreneur and student at the University of Maryland. "When you take these two factors into account, hemp seed starts to look like the most powerful food in the world."

The social stigma surrounding hemp is a major barrier to current legalization efforts. While opponents of industrial hemp sit comfortably on bankrolls, pro-hemp eco-activists coordinate through grassroots factions. Kander, who lobbies for the benefits of industrial and medicinal cannabis, is an individual dedicated to changing the world with the plant.

Though Kander is involved with both spheres of the cannabis issue (economic and medicinal), his newly founded business, Versativa, focuses on distributing trail-blazing edible hemp products to communities around the world. Existing as a subsidiary of ForeverGreen, a

broad-based multi-million dollar campaign, it's committed to raising global awareness.

Kander also works in conjunction with Richard Brumfield, the recent discoverer of an unprecedented, Emery-endorsed cannabis extract oil (responsible for relieving conditions such as cancer and emphysema). "The [cannabis derived] oil is extremely nutritious, and when combined with cannabis extract medicine, one can absolutely revolutionize their health," Kander said.

Speculation is the biggest problem facing proponents of cannabis medicine today. Rick Simpson, the paramount pioneer of medicinal cannabis extract, reaffirms the herbal realities by confirming that, "Hemp oil, if produced properly, is a cure."

"We just need it out there," said Kander, "and it's about time this medicine got more publicity."

A number of progressive states have introduced hemp legislation, nine (including Oregon) have removed obstacles hindering hemp production and research. It seems the stateside hemp revolution is just around the bend, and soon we won't have to import our hemp from Canada.

The facts are out there. The age of erroneous associations is about to expire. There is undoubtedly a future for industrial hemp in the US; the only question left is when.

THE TIPPING POINT

Campus Baristas Want Change

words SAIGE KOLPACK
art TAYLOR JOHNSTON

In the Daily Grind café, tucked away in the depths of the Knight Library, Melissa Graciosa works behind the counter, serving customers with a smile. A jar full of coins and a couple crumpled bills rests on the counter. It bears a sign that reads: "Good tippers get good grades, bad tippers get incompletes. TIP ON."

Despite this witty reminder to drop change in the jar, at the end of her shift, Graciosa leaves with only \$6 in tips. "And that's a better day," she says. When working the 5:30 to closing shift, DG employees are lucky to walk away with an extra 50 cents in their pockets.

At Espresso Roma, less than a block off campus, the picture is drastically different. "It depends on the shift, probably \$6 on a slow one, \$18 on a good one," said one Roma employee.

Whether it's to make up for bitchy customers ("I said non-fat!") or a pathetic paycheck, patrons are expected to tip people who work in food service. This custom benefits not only the barista, but also the customer. Shelling out some change for an expertly blended mocha acts as a reward and encourages overall better service. If their tip jars remain empty, why should the ones behind the counter give a fuck whether or not you wanted that latté with skim milk?

Although Oregon's \$8.50 minimum wage isn't exactly sweatshop status, the café workers of the UO deserve better from us because they have something we depend on. Without a

spend my money on either beer or tipping, spread the joy," says Graciosa.

On top of setting an example, campus baristas pull out all their best tricks to get that extra cash, like using a jar with some clever signage. Ranging from humorous, yet worrisome, threats ("Every time you don't tip, a child gets a mullet") to clever puns ("Money for the pour"), they do their best to get customers to eye that tip jar that too often goes unnoticed. They even go as far as to prime the tip jar with their own money, peer pressuring customers to tip (everyone's doing it, you should too).

College students are notorious for being cheap and so good tips are a rarity at a campus café. And yet, our fellow student caffeine hook-ups are always there, ready to give us our fix. "We don't do it for the money, we do it for the love," says Head. But still, some extra money would

be nice, and unless you have one of those giant change jars at home that will one day make you a millionaire, what's an extra dime or two?

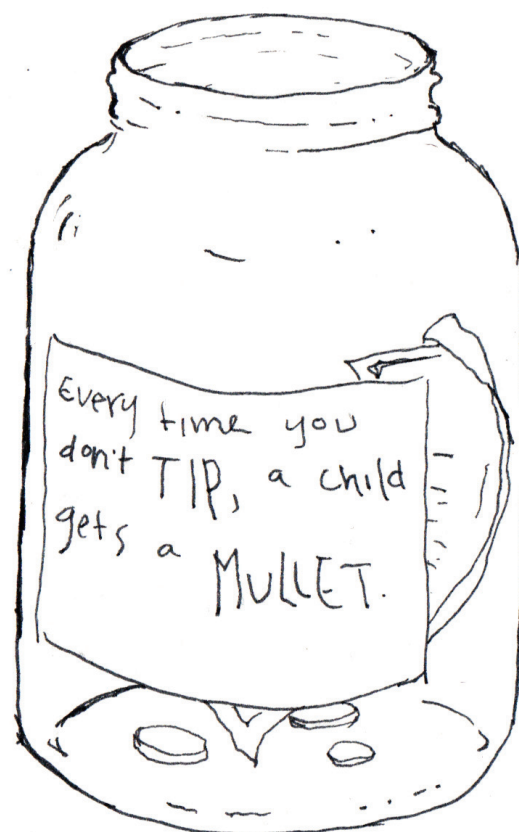
"When working the 5:30 to closing shift, DG employees are lucky to walk away with an extra 50 cents in their pockets."

constant caffeine flow, all-nighters would be nonexistent and without that mid-day double shot, we'd be sleepin' in our four o'clock class.

Caffeine is the coal in our furnace. For grad students to put out their theses, for professors to prepare their lectures, for undergrads to get their degrees, we need caffeine, and suddenly that \$8.50 is looking a little sparse.

It's understandable if you don't got the cash to spare, but even a little can go a long way. Why not put the twenty cents you got back from purchasing that Holy Donut into the tip jar rather than slipping it into your pocket. "I tip everywhere, quarters are for laundry, but dimes are for tip jars," says Lacey Head, an employee at The Buzz. "If everyone put in a nickel or a dime it would make so much difference."

Like Head, campus baristas are doing their best to set an example. They make a point of tipping their fellow behind-the-counter homies because they know what it's like walking away from a shift with empty pockets. "I



LOO\$E CHANGE



PINK FLOYD'S "MONEY"

words **ANONYMOUS**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

When it was time to bone, my high school sweetheart would select the same soundtrack every time: Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* or *The Wall*.

Having sex to the jangling change and cash register chimes of "Money" made me feel like a teenage prostitute. I doubt the soaring guitar solos drowned out the noise coming from Andy's bedroom. They certainly didn't drown out his mother's shrill voice. "Andy! Do the dishes," she would wail from the adjacent kitchen.

I cannot hear a Pink Floyd song without being called back to that narrow bed and the feeling of his patchy stubble scraping across my neck. He had a (justified) fear of premature ejaculation, which he countered with a peculiar habit: when he got close to coming, he would freeze.

"Stop," he'd say. "Don't move." So I would lay there. And wait.

"Hello, is there anybody in there?" David Gilmour sang in the background as the tracks changed. Somehow, he would regain his momentum just after I decided I would rather be walking home in the rain.

To this day, I avoid Pink Floyd with the same vigor that I avoid another favorite of Andy's: facials.

TALES FROM THE BLING-A-TORIUM: TOP 5 WOR\$T INVESTMENT\$!

Throughout the history of money, there have been two kinds of people: winners and losers. Those who make the money, and those destined to blow it all. Here we will take a look at 5 of the most epically bad investments of all time:

5. THE CENSUS BUREAU'S TOTEM POLE

In 2010, the Census Bureau ordered the construction of a **\$20,000** Totem pole to "ensure a complete count of all tribal lands." Yes sir, there is nothing quite like spending taxpayers money on wooden eagle heads.

4. CHARLIE SHEEN SPENDS **\$26,000** ON PROSTITUTES

It was recently reported that in January 2011 Charlie Sheen spent **\$10,000** for four hours of sex with a woman named Ginger, then **\$8,000** each on two other ladies of the night. The man has truly got tiger's blood.

3. DIAPERS

Kind of a curve ball, but we currently have a **\$2 billion** industry devoted to infants' waste. I propose the invention of baby toilets.

2. US FOREST SERVICE'S PA-97 PIASECKI HELISTAT

The US forest service spent **\$40 million** to create a helium-filled blimp with four apache helicopters attached at the base. It crashed in the first 30 seconds of flight. Wow.

1. THE WARS IN IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN

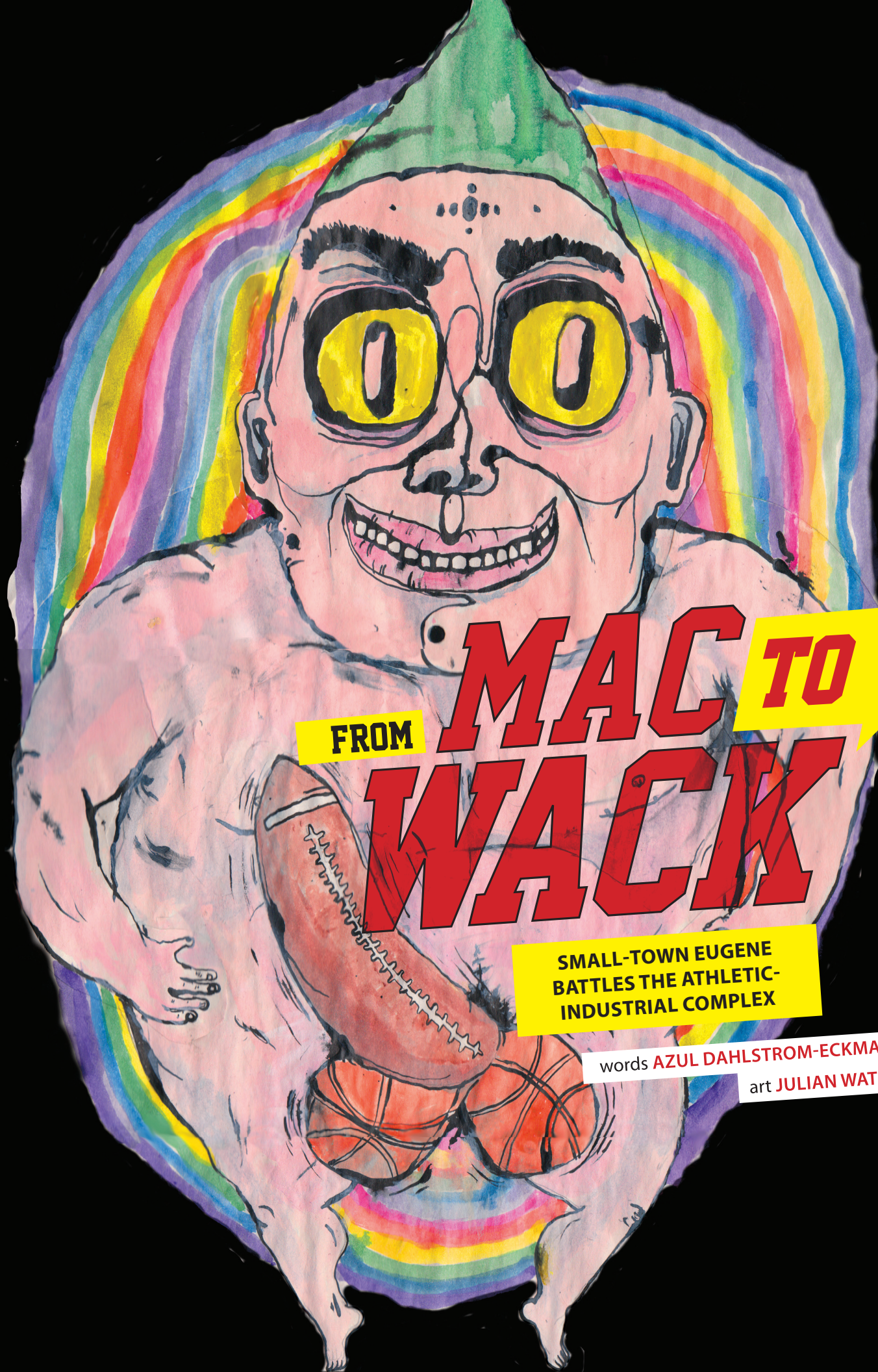
Need I say more? What are we at now, **\$2 trillion**?

RAP LYRIC\$!

art **NOAH PORTER**



GET THE **MONEY**. MAKE **MONEY**. TAKE **MONEY**. PAID IN FULL. C.R.E.A.M. THE GIRLS SEE I GOT THE **MONEY**, **HUNDRED DOLLA BILL** YALL. MAKE IT **RAIN**. WIT A LITTLE BIT OF **GOLD** AND A PAGER. BABY I'M WALKING **BANK** TAKE OUT A LOAN. OH WHY MUST I FEEL THIS WAY, MUST BE THE **MONEY**. NOW WE SIP **CHAMPAGNE** WHEN WE THIRSTAY. GET **RICH** OR DIE TRYING. IT'S ALL ABOUT THE **BENJAMINS!** **50-DOLLA SNEAKERS** AND I GOT\$ NO JOB. I GET WHAT'CHU GET IN 10 YEARS, IN 2 DAYS. I BEEN SPENDING **HUNDREDS** SINCE THEY HAD small faces. I'M A YOUNG **MONEY MILLI-ON-ARE**. I GOT **HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS** HANGIN' OUT MY BOOTY CRACK, HOW COOL IS THAT? STACK YO' **MONEY** TO THE **SKY** ALL DAY, WHEN YOU TRYIN' TO MAKE A **BILLION** IT AIN'T NO TIME TO PLAY. POCKETS SWELLER GETTIN' **MONEY** LIKE A **BANK TELLER**. IF **MONEY** IS THE ROOT I WANT THE WHOLE DAMN **TREE**.



FROM

MAC TO WACK

SMALL-TOWN EUGENE
BATTLES THE ATHLETIC-
INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

words AZUL DAHLSTROM-ECKMAN

art JULIAN WATTS

THERE IS A COFFEE SHOP THAT STANDS ALONE ON AN ODDLY SHAPED LOT IN EUGENE'S WHITEAKER NEIGHBORHOOD, HAUNTED BY THE SQUEAKS AND GROANS OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD. ITS NAMESAKE, LAST STAND COFFEE, DARKLY CONNOTES THE HARSH REALITY OF BIG BUSINESS IN SMALL TOWN EUGENE, BIG BUSINESS THAT RIDES UPON THE BACK OF OUR UNIVERSITY'S GLUTTONOUS ATHLETIC PROGRAM.

The Vivian Olum and Moss Street Childcare Centers now find themselves blanketed in the cold, dark shadow of the Matthew Knight Arena. Ariella Hubbard, a university student and employee at Moss Street immediately recognized the folly that was forged deep in the pockets of Johnson Hall. Creating a symbol of arrogant waste a stone's throw away from the young, impressionable minds of tomorrow meant only one thing to her.

"The new stadium contradicts all the efforts the University of Oregon has made to become a sustainable campus. Its construction has been incredibly resource intensive, expensive and unwarranted. It gives [children] the wrong idea about what Eugene has to offer and what sustainable goals for the future should look like."

The massive endeavor to build yet another monolithic tribute to steel, plastic, TV-sedation, jock-worship, and cheer-nography affirms that the University of Oregon puts its athletic program on a pedestal above all else.

This is a school where students must pay compulsory fees that over-fund UO's over-consumption. We pay as if we owe it to the athletic department, like a cruel Sun god demanding our hearts for an Aztec blood rite.

What false idol have we erected for our future generations to worship? The ivory tower of academia has fallen down the rabbit hole of consumption. Our campus has become infested with cancerous growth: a malignant case whose prognosis is grim, terminal without treatment.

The arena has a "Vegas-strip type feel," said David Kuhns, a doctoral student in the Psychology department at the UO who has been a resident of the Fairmont neighborhood since construction started on the new arena. "It's a monstrous building with edgy architecture. It's avant-garde, which has the tendency to divide people to extremes: some hate it, some love it," he said.

Franklin Street has now taken on a familiar sterile, fluorescent flavor — the kind experienced at your local convenience store. A large electric billboard and a cold steel façade is a poor invitation to Eugene that is

extended when travelers enter our city on Franklin Boulevard. I say we plant a Doug fir where the billboard now stands instead. It's a matter of how we choose to represent our university.

With the increase in speculation, excavation and construction of university property for athletic pursuits, many students are beginning to wonder where our university's priorities really lie.

Courtside Apartments is the name for the new high-rise complex just down the street from the new arena, but perhaps this name might be more appropriate for our university as a whole: "Welcome to the University of Oregon Basketball Court and Campus."

Phil Knight has been allowed to rampage across the University of Oregon campus, a playground fit for a millionaire. Who really plays ball here? Just because we can build a huge, ugly salad spinner-shaped court to prove to ourselves how much money we have, doesn't mean we should. Sports have successfully muted most dissent and coerced the motors of our university to move in a direction that is decidedly not academic.

Karl Marx once postulated that religion was an opiate for the masses. The Matthew Knight Arena works similarly by providing a sanctuary for jock-worship and distracting from critical thought. If the priorities of the University of Oregon are firstly that of an academic institution, then its over-emphasis on athletics is unwarranted, misplaced, and counter-productive to its goals.

Like a moth to a flame, college students follow the ESPN live news 24-hour ticker towards the bright lights on Franklin. They bear flags of irrelevant distinction, an open invitation to hate and be hated.

This type of national travel sport obsession

brings rise to the national chains and franchises that welcome cautious strangers, following "their teams" with their tails between their legs into the gauntlet of the enemy. Chain establishments are familiar faces in the unique individuality of Eugene. Travelers who come here to simply drink crap beer, yell at the chosen few playing the golden game, and leave as soon as its over, have no interest in Eugene as a unique place, and so they stay at Best Westerns, eat at Denny's and maybe buy a t-shirt at the Duck Store, ignorant to all the treasures Eugene has to offer.

**JUST BECAUSE WE
CAN BUILD A HUGE,
UGLY SALAD SPINNER-
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PROVE TO OURSELVES
HOW MUCH MONEY
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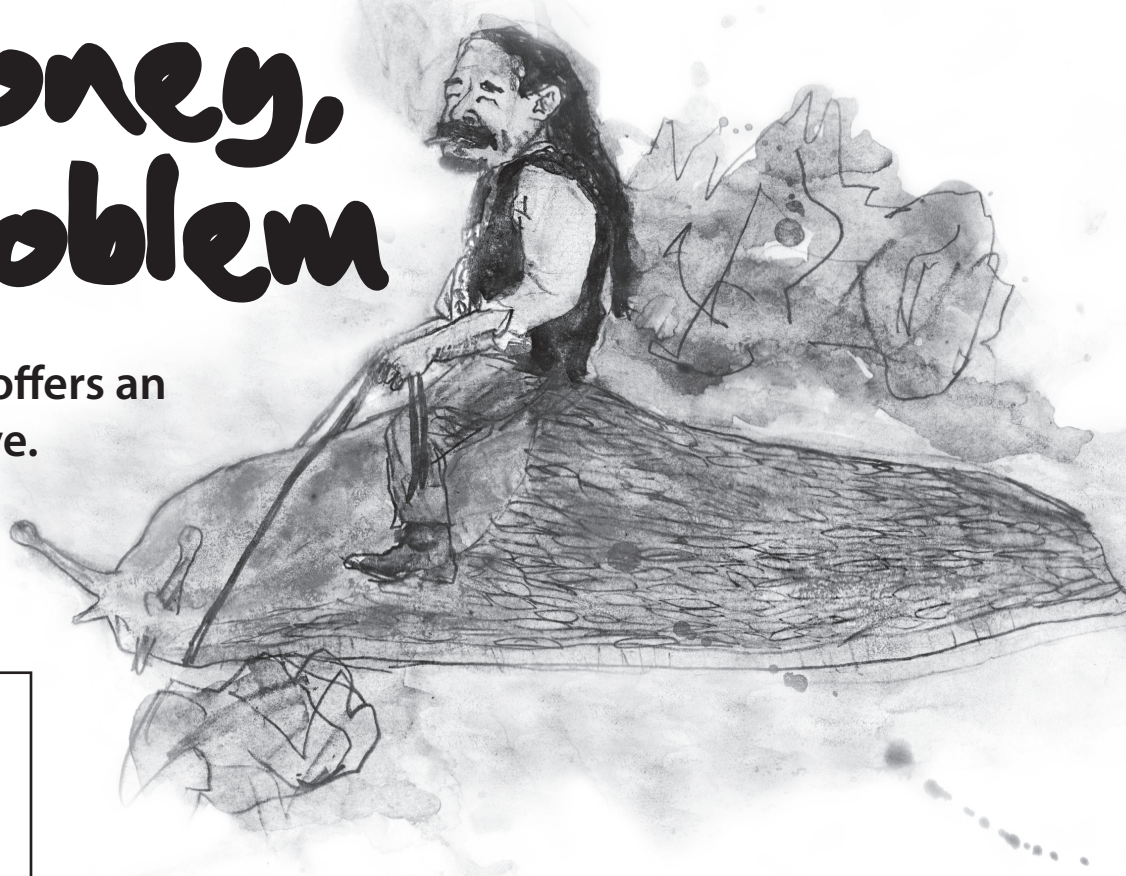
National chain and franchised establishments can be found all over America. The Matthew Knight Arena invites these establishments into our unique Eugene because they provide services to its patrons at a low cost. What is lost in the transaction is the cultural identity of Eugene. The Matthew Knight Arena has the unfortunate potential to nationalize Eugene, to turn it into a slice of the USA that you can find in any old tumbleweed town.

The proliferation of athleticism distracts dissent and normalizes such monolithic monsters as the Matthew Knight Arena. As more and more minds are littered upon hardwood floors and blinding screens, as more land is seized in the name of competition, as those who think freely or differently are consistently marginalized from discourse, and as individuality becomes increasingly scarce, the need to make a case against such autocratic athletic decisions becomes dire. Stand up. 🍷

No Money, No Problem

Eugene free school offers an education alternative.

words PAUL METZLER
art BEN STONE



"Usually when you ask someone in college why they are there, they'll tell you it's to get an education. The truth of it is, they are there to get a degree so that they can get ahead in the rat race. Too many college radicals are two-timing punks."
— Abbie Hoffman

In an age when Pandora and YouTube are overrun with commercials, when shopping bags cost five cents, and when supermarkets no longer give us free cookies for simply being adorable, we, as impoverished students, are compelled to ask: Where's all the free shit? Sure, Craigslist provides a near-infinite supply of broken couches and rejected shrubs, but the real, quality, non-material, free happenings in Eugene can be found at Eugene Free School. Offering yoga classes, breakdancing lessons, and language conversation circles, the classes reflect the interests of the community, or at least, the eclectic people who show up to teach them. The classes are taught in liberated shops and classrooms, in cafés, in front of train stations, in alleys or basically anywhere people can gather.

The quality of education in the Eugene Free School varies from class to class, as does the sanity of its students and teachers. At the first Free School class I attended, I met a lady who's 80 years old and says she can't learn anything from this class because she already knows it all, but won't shut up and leave. I met a man claiming he was from Homeland Security and threatened to throw us all in jail, then imme-

diately changed the subject to organic hard apple cider and blamed me from being from "the media." I even waited outside the classroom for the teacher to finish smoking a bowl and ride his bicycle over here and teach the class. In the meantime, my shoes got soaked in the rain because nobody sells quality vegan free-trade shoes for less than \$100.

I might have hated the Eugene Free School, but at this point I hated everything — especially the fact that at the UO, you have to pay more than a month's rent to buy textbooks, it costs \$57 for a meditation class, and your incidental fees go towards defunct student groups like the Hawaii Club. Despite the inherent problems of a free school, at least they won't make you pay to mediate or to fund non-existent student groups.

So here's how it works:

With a few notable exceptions, Free School classes can be divided into three categories. Circle of Children, a Eugene non-profit, offers the bulk of the classes. "I guess we kind of are Eugene Free School," said one of the organization's staff. Their classes cover subjects such as dance, yoga, meditation, and raw food. They never charge, and they are always family friendly.

Most of the other classes fit into the category of conversation circles. Here, native speakers and students meet at either World Café or on

the UO campus and converse in a foreign language. If you're taking a class to learn Spanish and not for a degree, seriously look into this before you spend on a language class what you could easily spend on a trip to Mexico. Finally, the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) and other independent groups host the remainder of the classes.

It takes time to see which classes are legit and which are not. I for one am not giving up on this school just because I have to deal with crazy old ladies and a little rain. I am looking forward to a raw food class on Friday, and a class on compost the Wednesday after (this last class will not take place in a classroom — we will be "traipsing the neighborhood" searching through different types of dirt and learning from an accomplished composter who developed a spay and neuter program for slugs).

However, if you're not into yoga or slugs, do not give up on free education. You can still find knowledge in libraries and on the Internet. You can still order textbooks off Summit or try to get them for free from the publisher (pretend you're a professor and express interest in their book). But if you are looking for actual free education and want to earn an actual degree, you're best off convincing a Scandinavian country that they should let you move there. ☺

Money Doesn't Grow on Trees

Killing old growth for state school fund isn't worth it

words GRACE PETTYGROVE

Last month I visited the Elliott State Forest, an 85,000-acre tract of coastal rainforest that the Oregon Department of Forestry is ritually slaughtering as a sacrifice to the state's Common School Fund. They're selling all the big trees to the timber barons, who clear cut hundreds of acres every year. It's on the Southern coast, so the chain saws go almost year round. No snow to stop the progress.

When I went there I saw Oregon's past and future. I walked out of the old growth Douglas fir cathedrals — the lichen dripping from the branches, the milky sun filtering through the canopy — onto barren, clear-cut mountainsides, razed by chainsaw, bulldozer, fire, and herbicide. I could hear the yarders pulling logs out in a nearby sale. I couldn't catch my breath.

I've tried to quantify the emotion of "not worth it," in economic terms.

The ODF logs the Elliott for schools, and schools are suffering. Common School Fund lands are range, forest, and mining operations managed with the explicit purpose of generating extra money for public education. Even though there are over two million acres of CSF land in Oregon, the Elliott apparently generates over 65 percent of the annual profits, according to economist Eric Fruits.

From another angle, the Elliott is a tiny, tiny piece of the pie. The whole Common School Fund is worth \$1.1 billion. Logging in the Elliott last year contributed a meager \$7.7

million to that pot. CSF dished out \$50.5 million to school districts in 2010, which is still pennies next to Oregon's total spending on schools every year. The State's projected spending on K-12 education for the next two years is nearly \$6 billion.

I found the sale information for the particular unit I visited though the Department of Forestry website. The sale is called "Flying Fish." It was purchased in January by a subsidiary of Roseburg Forest Products for roughly \$2.5 million (rough estimate: 5371 "mega board feet" at a price of \$450 per). \$2.5 million is a lot if you measure it in average teacher's salaries, though nothing if you see as a percentage of the entire budget for Oregon public schools.

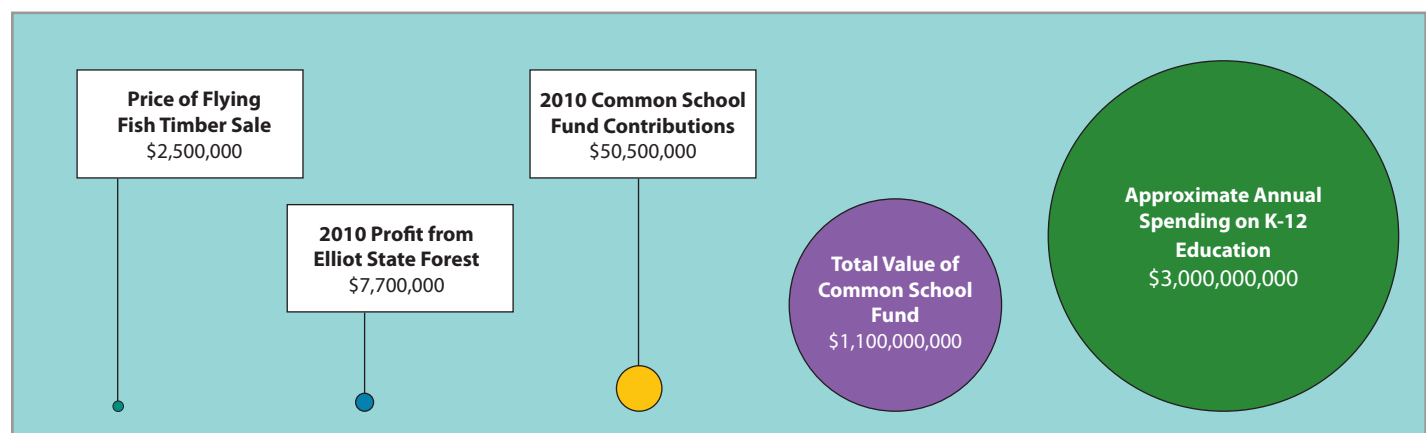
Economist Dr. Eric Fruits reported last year that logging the Elliott yielded so little profit that it would be more economical to sell the entire forest and invest the money in a treasury bond. The ODF is allowing timber companies to pillage the habitats of endangered and threatened coastal wildlife, and the state isn't really gaining much for the loss. It's serial murder. Senseless.

I think Fruits' scheme would still see the Elliott logged. Logging companies are primary custodians of private land in Oregon, and the Elliott would be in even greater danger without the mild limits set by public oversight. It would be better to bring back the "privilege tax" on already private timber land — which the legislature phased out in 1999. Revenue from this tax before '99 generated tens of millions of dollars for the State School Fund.

The Elliott is also an enormous carbon sink. *Eugene Weekly's* Camilla Mortensen reported that the carbon tonnage released in clear-cutting the Elliott (ODF's low-end estimate: 78,000 metric tons) would be equivalent to someone driving a 2010 Range Rover 10,000 miles per year for more than 13,000 years. Maintaining this carbon sink could be worth money in the future, assuming the federal government will eventually prioritize and invest more in preventing climate change.

Still, if we're measuring in dollars, I can't argue "not worth it." From the state's perspective, we're getting something for nothing. The value of maintaining biodiversity can't be measured. It's worthless to some, priceless to others.

One fact illuminates the absurdity of logging old growth in 2011: As a debate rages from the supply end about what's worth giving up, demand for Roseburg's "product" is at an all-time low. With the housing market down, America doesn't really need 5,371 mega-board-feet of prime timber. America isn't building that many houses right now. With demand down last fall, Roseburg Forest Products' main mill in Dillard, Oregon laid off the graveyard shift — 70 workers. Yet the company remains one of the highest profiting privately owned companies in America, perhaps by purchasing dirt-cheap wood from the state. The main product of a forest lost isn't "wood," or even "jobs." The product is profit. ▮





making it grain

Is Eugene at the epicenter of an
alternative currency revolution?

words & art TYLER PELL

"One world currency" isn't just an idea. It's a website.

Since 2009, Eugene, Oregon Restaurateur Josh Keim has used 1WorldCurrency.net to reshape the discussion on wealth distribution, promoting an alternative monetary exchange system.

I was let into Keim's downtown community center last month by a man named Blackhorse. Blackhorse had noticeably soft hands. I'm not sure if that matters. Anyway, the space was mostly empty. Prayer flags hung from the ceiling, murals covered the walls; in the middle of the community center a circle of chairs surrounded an altar adorned with seashells, feathers, and candles.

Keim and I sat down around the altar.

"It's supposed to be an ever-expanding lotus blossom. We need to realize our exponential potential. I see it coming to fruition one way or another."

Uhhhh...

Thankfully, Keim's pitch took a turn for the tangible. "We're using a one-world currency right now, it's called the dollar," he told me. "It's the global reserve currency. But this is a

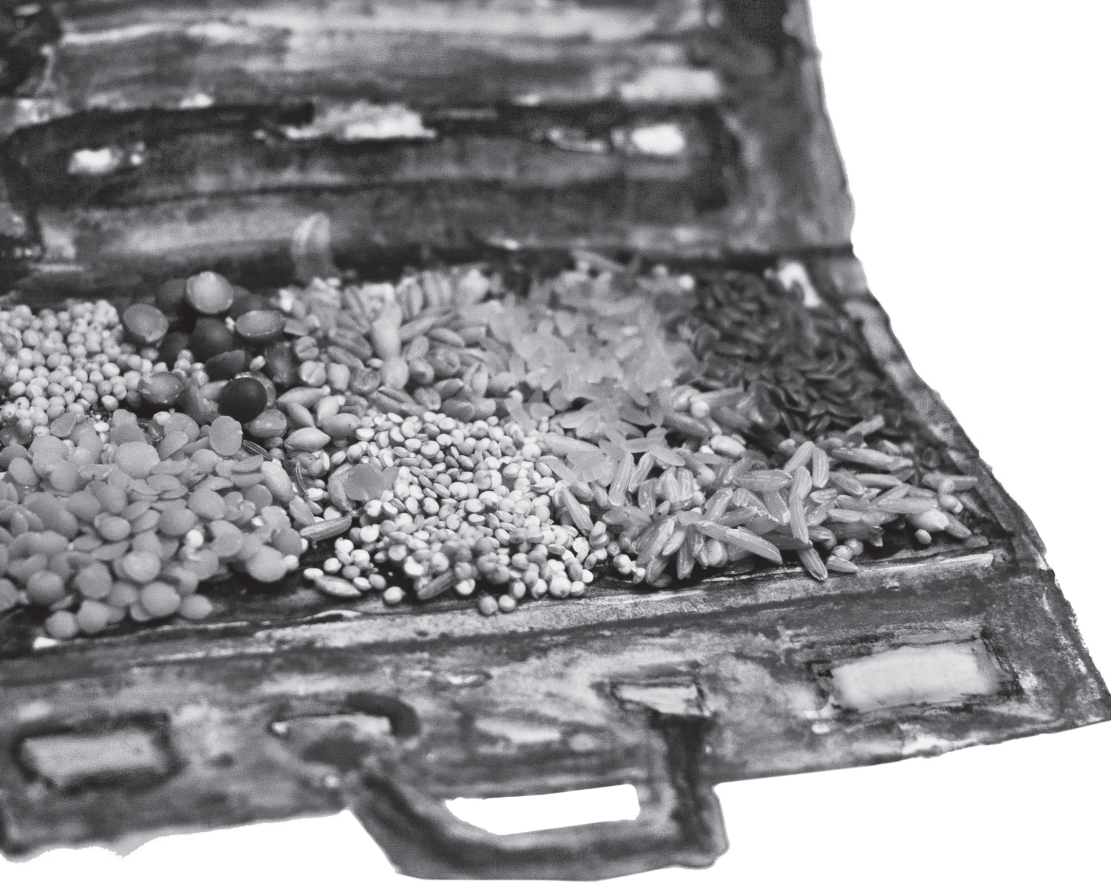
fiat currency that's been mandated upon us to use. And now it's being mandated upon third world countries all over the world in order to extract their resources. We have to realize that our current money system is a tool for rich central bankers to acquire assets."

Dude's right. Money is a tool, used by the people who have it at the expense of those who don't. All I had to watch was the trailer Zeitgeist: Addendum and I knew that.

How does Keim address the inherent inequities of currency?

"I'm a promoter of grain being the world's reserve currency because any community could come together to create their own community currency backed on grain," he said. "After creating circular forms of currency we just link them all together through various mutual agreement partnerships."

A grain based economy. Could it work? Turns out it already has. It's actually one of the world's oldest currency systems, first used in the Cradle of Civilization — present day Iraq — by the Mesopotamians. Ancient Chinese civilizations constructed their economy around what is called a granary receipt, which Keim describes as a checkbook, backed by a local commodity-based currency. "It's super



low tech," he boasted.

Right now, Keim's plans are still in development stages, years away from the "secure, sustainable, resource-based, electronic, open-source, transparent, interest-free, fee-free, money system," that he believes can rid the planet of political, social, and environmental injustice.

A study by the United Nations University found the richest 10 percent of adults account for 85 percent of global wealth. The bottom half of the world adult population owned one percent.

Most people would agree, that's fucked up.

Che Guevara weighed in. "We, politely referred to as 'underdeveloped,' in truth are colonial, semi-colonial or dependent countries," the Marxist revolutionary said. "We are countries whose economies have been distorted by imperialism, which has abnormally developed those branches of industry or agriculture needed to complement its complex economy."

In essence, global income inequality results from neo-colonial practices by Western powers, thrusting third-world countries into the globalized economic system.

So how long will it take for a grain-based economy to diffuse the influence of governmental and corporate super-powers?

"I do know that there's ten seed companies that control half the globe's seed," answered John Bellamy Foster, a way-too-overqualified Sociology professor on the merits of a grain-based economy.

Admittedly, asking Foster, a world renowned Socialist, author of over a dozen books, and expert on the economy, the environment and Marxist theory, about One World Currency is like asking an Aviation Engineer about the prospects of airplanes one day running on Peter Pan's Happy Thoughts.

Foster continued: "Questions about world currency just don't make sense. Its sort if like saying, 'Well, should we have a world currency when we colonize Mars?' There are not just vested interests; [the dollar] is basic to the entire power structure of capitalism worldwide ... China has something like \$2 trillion in its reserves. They can't afford the dollar to collapse."

If it seems like Foster and Keim are speaking different languages, they are. An intricate understanding of the interplay between foreign relations and the economy shapes Foster's work; he's respected internationally because he can speak on the environment and sociology in the language of an economist.

"The United States would be more likely to give up nuclear weapons than give up the dollar. It's critical to our power," Foster said.

"Money is based on faith and power relationships. It's like you have a disease and you just go after the symptoms. You have to deal with the power relations behind the systems."

Could a 6,000-year-old solution for a contemporary and massively convoluted geopolitical problem really address those systems? Sure. Just like converting our transportation fleet to horses and donkeys would most certainly reduce CO2 emissions.

Keim's faith in a grain-based economy is dependent on a fundamental shift of the current corporate objective. It's the kind of empty ideology echoed in dimly lit rooms where hazy smoke wafts around idyllic liberal arts majors. "Man, I mean, (cough) once we get past money, like all our problems will be gone. You know, like the Venus Project?" the now cliché sentiment goes.

It sounds nice, but changing what backs the banknote won't diminish inequalities carried out by the omnipresent ruling class. "The world should be united in a lot of ways, but you can't just declare it so. There's got to be a struggle," Foster explained.

The struggle is noticeably lacking from Keim's blueprint. His ethereal economic structure, adapted from the Burning Man Festival, is dependent on the Jubilee, "a forgiveness of all the world's debts," at the end of the Mayan Calendar in 2012. "It's kind of the baseline," he explained.

The Jubilee is the baseline for One World Currency?

I'd never say discourse is a bad thing. I applaud people like Keim for transforming the discussion on the economy. Projects like One World Currency are, to me, a part of what makes Eugene an intellectually and spiritually stimulating place. But while Keim's rhetoric sounds enticing, it's overly abstract and often contradictory. Faith in "the Jubilee" reduces his objectives from tangible to magical. And we're not harnessing Peter Pan's Happy Thoughts on this planet anytime soon.

After hearing Keim declare that he in fact is "in a lot of debt," I'm left not pondering the merits of One World Currency but curious: is this just some kind of get-out-of-debt-quick scheme?



LOST^{IN} TRANSACTION

Credit Card Companies Pinch Mom and Pops' Profit

words LUCY OHLSEN
art JOSEPH DE SOSA

I got some shitty coffee at the Portland train station last month. I really wasn't hungry, but the lady at the counter was going to charge me 50¢ to use my Visa card if I didn't buy at least \$5 worth of stuff. I ended up buying a fat box of Oreos. The gluttony of sandwich crèmes was forced upon me.

I like keeping my wallet light, tree-free, and relatively germ-free. Paying with a card, though maybe less intimate and quaint than forking over green, is pretty commonplace. So why does a simple swipe provoke annoyance and extra fees from otherwise friendly local stores?

Milky Way is a bagel and bubble tea café with a \$4 minimum to use credit cards. "We get charged for every swipe," said manager Jen Kralicek, in defense of her decision to have a minimum. "It's really hard to be a small business and deal with all the credit card fees." She said that for each purchase someone makes with a credit card, her business ends up paying 35 to 50 cents. "When people come in with consistently small amounts, we can't afford making the payments on every transaction."

This sobered me a little. I didn't want Visa to get the money I was paying for my tapioca pearls. Since Visa and Mastercard dominate the credit card industry (they account for 80 percent of credit card purchases), they get to decide how much they charge in something sneaky called "interchange fees." Mastercard says that interchange fees are used so that they can maintain their "vibrant payments network." They claim to be in favor of a "transparent" process for customers to get information about interchange rates. They do publish info about the rates, but it's hidden in a 113-page document that is harder to navigate than a labyrinth with invisible walls.

The standard Mastercard interchange fee rate is 2.95 percent plus 10 cents. That means that the people you're buying stuff from have to pay a dime for every transaction plus three pennies for every dollar you spend. Then, the whole transaction has to go through a bank that charges even more money. When you're just sliding a card and signing a little piece of paper, there's no way for you to know all these behind-the-scene fees exist, or that most of the money Visa gets from interchange fees is not actually used for "processing," but instead is used for the "rewards" it uses to attract potential cardholders. Unless you feel like reading 113 pages of small print in a sequestered corner of their website, you have no way of knowing how much of your money is going to Visa.



Other countries have started bitching to Visa and Mastercard about their anti-free-market practices, and they've had some motivational success. In Australia, the average rate is only 0.5 percent. There are bitches in the US, too, like the Merchants Payments Coalition. Their website, <http://unfaircreditcardfees.com>, suggest several ways to get involved, like submitting letters to the editor and writing to Congress. They even give you some sample speeches to give at any speaking events you may happen to have coming up.

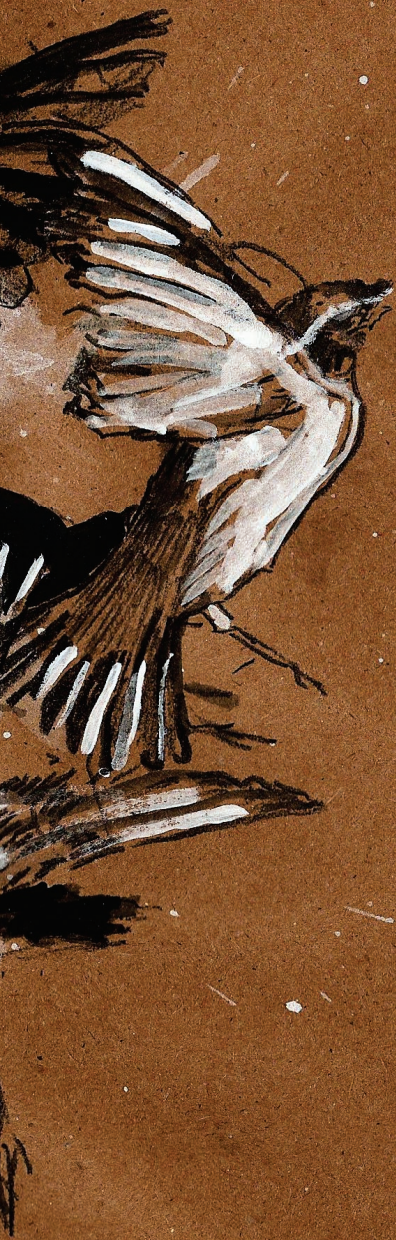
The US government has recently passed some new regulations over the credit card industry. Now credit card companies have to actually tell you how long it's going to take you to pay off your debt, and they are required to inform you when they increase your interest rate. This might be headway, but there's still a lot of room to fix the way credit card issuers are allowed to act in the US.

The whole minimum charge amount is no longer a bee in my bonnet. In fact, letting merchants have minimum charges (as long as they're not more than \$10) is pretty altruistic for Visa. If you don't feel like complaining to Visa or being an anti-credit-card activist, there is one more action you can take that small businesses will thank you for. Use dollar bills, y'all. ☺

CASH, MONEY, BIRDMAN

• words NOAH PORTER
art CHELSEY BOEHNKE





Although popular Internet reference Wikipedia categorizes Bryan "Baby aka Birdman" Williams as a rapper, most hip-hop knowledgeable would disagree, the Birdman included. "I ain't no rapper, I'm a talker," reads the press kit for 2002's *Birdman*, the debut solo album of this self-proclaimed "rap conversationalist." He made his millions as the kingpin of the hip-hop super-label Cash Money Records, the New Orleans-based recording company he founded with his brother in 1991. Today Cash Money is home to the likes of Nikki Minaj, Drake and the Birdman's prodigal "son," Lil Wayne. In a hip-hop industry that often puts the money before the music, the Birdman seems to have reached his perch atop the rap game with more help from his cutthroat business savvy, and less from his microphone skills.

Lil Wayne, the self-proclaimed "best rapper alive," shares an especially close relationship with the Birdman, who has assumed a paternal role in Wayne's life. The Birdman's presence as a fatherly figure stems from an encounter in a New Orleans record store where he discovered an eight-year-old Wayne performing for anybody who would listen. The Birdman took Wayne under his wing, and the platinum-selling rap superstar has been eternally grateful, writing most of his raps for him and even paying homage in his often-used moniker "Weezy F. Baby."

The two have an unconventionally intimate Mafioso-like relationship. Wayne refers to the Birdman as his "daddy" and the two have been spotted exchanging father-son smooches with no utterance of "no homo" from either party. In an interview with London radio persona Tim Westwood, the Birdman embraced the display of affection. "That's my son," he said. "If Lil Wayne was right here, I'd kiss him again. ... I'd kill for him, ride for him, and die for him."

As Cash Money artists like Wayne, Drake, Nikki Minaj, and super-group Young Money continue to rule the radio airways with an iron (or perhaps platinum) fist, it appears that the Birdman has become a bit bored with hip-hop. The self-proclaimed "numba one stunna" recently told *Ozone Magazine* that he

was interested in expanding his label to other musical genres as well. "Country is where the other money at," said the rap mogul. "I just ain't found me a Country act yet, but as soon as I do, it's on."

The acquisition of material wealth is the number one priority for the Birdman, as he has made abundantly apparent in songs such as "Money to Blow," "Get That Money," and "Cash Money N***a." In fact, tremendous riches are so essential to the Birdman's character, his biography posted at www.birdmanstunna.com begins, "With all of his elaborate possessions..."

In hopes of adding some more elaborate possessions to his collection, the Birdman has spread his wings to other areas of business. The tycoon also has his own line of Lugz footwear appropriately titled "The Birdman," and more recently, an independent oil business.

In 2010, the Birdman invested in some known energy deposits with his brother, creatively naming the company Bronald Oil & Gas (an ingenious fusion of his name, Bryan, and his brother's, Ronald). Bronald's mission statement announces the intention to drill in Central America, as well as Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, and Florida. A Youtube video shot by an anonymous 40 ounce-drinking guerilla journalist takes viewers to the site of a Bronald oil drill sucking black gold from beneath a slouching residential neighborhood in Oklahoma. And as history has proven time and time again, if one is making money at the demise of the poor folk, one is probably making a shit ton of money.

So, how does a talent-less non-rapper earn himself a seat at the throne of popular hip-hop music? My guess would be some combination of serpentine business ethics, exploitation of young talent, and a willingness to spend a shitload of money to make a shitload of money. However according to the Birdman, his success boils down to something a bit simpler than that. When *Ozone Magazine* asked him for the secret behind his financial prowess, he eloquently responded, "I was born with that shit, brah." ▮

YOU GET what YOU GIVE

Ditch the dough, trade your time.

words & art **CARA MERENDINO**

As a college student, I am no stranger to empty pockets. I have spent countless hours scrounging quarters from the couch cushions between paychecks, struggling to pay for services and meals that my parents once took care of and I took for granted for 18 years. I (with the gracious aid of my parents) pay upwards of 10 grand a semester to obtain a college education amidst a sea of loans and paperwork to keep those loans coming, hurdling at lightening speed towards a future filled with thousands of dollars worth of debt and a piece of paper that says I learned something. I dream of trips I could go on, guitar lessons I could take, help I could hire for anything at all. If I had a nickel for every time I bitched about how much it "sucks that



all the time," I might actually have a lot of it.

Then I got wind of the Emerald Valley Time Exchange, a local organization founded in February 2009 that seeks to ease the distress of capitalism's evil chains (though you won't see that on their mission statement). The Emerald Valley Time Exchange uses the TimeBank model, an international grassroots movement that utilizes the man-hour (also called Time Dollars) as a unit of alternative currency within communities. TimeBanking is a means of locally trading services with members of the community, gaining and spending hours of time in a way that not only strengthens bonds between neighbors but also decreases dependency on monetary value. But the Time Exchange is so much more than just an alternative system to monetary currency; it is a progressive philosophy.

"It's not bartering," explained Membership Liaison Megan Hinkel. "Ours is a pay-it-forward system. Someone might help me edit essays for an hour, and I record the hour spent: plus one for them for helping, minus one for me for receiving the help. That's it. I might never do anything for that person. Our exchanges happen more in a wobbly circle with points intersecting all across it rather than a one to one straight line like in bartering or cash exchanges."

This idea of "paying it forward" is the philosophical root of the Time Exchange, as it increases the value of the self and seeks to find the human desire to help others simply because one is willing and able. Hinkel explained to me that in her opinion, "money devalues exchanges between people, placing a strong emphasis on a boringly predictable, standardized routine where interaction between people is minimized in hurries and lines."

While this function of money in our society cannot be changed, time banks like Emerald Valley Time Exchange can offer what Hinkel referred to as a "parallel economy," that is, one which operates best alongside existing economies, including the American dollar, numerous local and regional currencies, as well as formal and informal barter systems and gift economies. Though the TimeBank system mimics the familiar banking model by keeping track of individual "balances" online, the Time Exchange does not penalize for being in the negative.

"Again, it's not a currency. The 'balance' is simply a snapshot in time, tallying the difference of how many hours you have given versus how many you've received. The software keeps a record of the hours people

spend. The real value in our system is the time

people give, not the accounting of their time," Hinkel told me.

The humanitarian nature of the system understands that there are times when people need more help than they can give. When a member gets 25 hours in the red, the Time Exchange sends a membership liaison like Megan Hinkel to check in to see "if maybe, they just had a baby, or broke a leg and need a lot of help." When members get to fifty hours in the hole, the liaison may suggest that time banking is not for them, but there are no hard feelings.

The fluidity of giving and receiving time that is promoted by the Emerald Valley Time Exchange and other similar systems also allows flexibility for community members who work seasonally. Parents, for example, have more time to give when their children go back to school in the fall, but teachers have hours to spare in the summer. In this system that is free of disconcerting policies, fine print, and hidden snags in membership, debt is accepted as being inevitable every so often. Yet, Hinkel said that most members seldom get below negative five hours before earning plenty of time to get back to or above zero.

The EVTE has 100 active members, some of whom offer commercially viable services such as licensed massage therapy, carpentry, and computer repair. In 2009, there were 145 hours in total exchanged, and 483 hours in 2010. The numbers are impressive, not only because of the number of hours and dollars saved, but because each of those hours signifies friendships made, conversations had, and kindness spread that is lost in translation when money comes into the picture. Time banking is a reminder that money is not the end-all-be-all for living a happy, fulfilled life, and that there are many other ways to acquire wealth other than with dolla dolla bills.

There are TimeBanks in 37 nations and six continents, with over 11,000 participants worldwide. Of the 101 "banks" in the United States, the largest is The Dane County TimeBank in Madison, Wisconsin, with one thousand active members strong. The United Kingdom, too has shown rapid increase in TimeBank activity in recent years.

In Wales, the development of

"Agency TimeBanks" has brought a dynamic and interesting approach to community building. Agency TimeBanks utilize the TimeBank model with an emphasis on inspiring locals to contribute to public service and community expansion. If all of that isn't cool enough, exchanging time is NOT taxable by the IRS, so long as it stays free of setting any monetary worth on Time Dollars.

Time banking forges community, networking neighbors who will have each other's backs in times of need, the zombie apocalypse, and beyond. It's about taking back our human capability for kindness, reaching out to invite "strangers" into our homes and trust in community compassion. And while Capitalism is inevitable here in the good US of A, TimeBanking takes into account that there are ways to live without spending green all over town. "It's not meant to fully replace money," Hinkel said. "We are simply choosing not to use it as much."

Those interested in getting involved locally with the Emerald Valley Time Exchange can attend one of their community potlucks, which are held every fourth Saturday of the month (except July, November, and December). More information concerning location can be found by checking out their website: emeraldvalleytimeexchange.org



LOO\$E CHANGE



SPIN DOCTORS

Mixing Miracles, Pleasing Crowds, and Making a Living

words LEIGH BOURGEOIS
art JOSEPH DE SOSA

"I fucking hate Canada."

It was a cool Thursday night at The District. The marquee DJ, Them Jeans, had flown in from LA. As the dance floor emptied, he switched from dance/electro to a laissez-faire mix of hip-hop and leaned back next to the turntables. I later learned his dislike of Canada had to do with a graffiti-related imbroglio in his youth, where he tagged under the moniker Jeans. He was going there the following day, he told me, to die by autoerotic asphyxiation.

He was probably joking. Jason Stewart, better known as Them Jeans, is a rising DJ and the promoter of the infamous Dim Mak Tuesdays

in LA. (He is also a well-known gourmand. "I fuck with soul food, dog," he said on the topic of LA eateries.)

For Dim Mak, Stewart hosts electronic acts like Steve Aoki and A-Trak, often alongside big names like Justice, Lady Gaga and Kid Cudi. This may help explain why the night's

and he doesn't even realize what happened," said Connell.

This dynamic is also something that the night's other opening DJ, Champagne Front, or Zane Coffin, knows something about. As the young hustler behind Tagbak Records (his partner is the notorious campus DJ, Ross DiFuria), he has

"While a club-DJ's passion may revolve around making bold mixes, their paycheck still consigns them to hitting the requisite notes from "G-6" and "Black and Yellow" on a regular night."

opening act, DJ Sassy Mouff, or Andy Connell, would grin and pretend to pat Stewart's butt throughout the night. In DJ terms, Stewart's ass is doing leg lifts all day.

But not everybody is so enthused. For the second time that night, a management-type in all-black came in the DJ booth to adjust the volume, this time turning it almost all the way down. Stewart leaned close and half-shouted over the blare of music, "No, man," he said, "you have to break it down sexually."

But the truth is that no matter how it gets broken down, Stewart is taking home a flat fee for his appearance. On the other hand a DJ like Sassy Mouff, who has a twice-weekly residency at Cowfish, doesn't have that artistic license; he makes a living by getting a cut of bar-sales at the end of the night. "I could do electro night and maybe 20 people would show up," he said.

While a club-DJ's passion may revolve around making bold mixes, their paycheck still consigns them to hitting the requisite notes from "G-6" and "Black and Yellow" on a regular night. As a result, the DJ-patron relationship is occasionally confrontational. "Sometimes people get pissed: 'You didn't play that song all the way through.' I'm just like, you must not like DJs then," said Connell.

But more often than not it's subversive: "I'm going to try and mix something with Ja Rule and see if he notices and then if he keeps dancing after that mix is gone and he's dancing to a kind of flamboyant electro song, I think I've done a really good job to keep him around

thrown parties in Eugene in a similar vein to Dim Mak Tuesdays. Their last event, called The Big Ball, attracted around 700 kids, mostly of the under-21 set.

But Tagbak is a multifaceted organization that has an EP set for release in April and plans on collaborating with more artists and DJs, foreign and domestic, to bring the steez to Eugene. More to the point – just as Stewart used Dim Mak Tuesdays to get name recognition for himself (and more importantly, give it the authenticating stamp of residing next to bigger artists), so too is Coffin working the gamut of the DJ scene.

After all, it was Coffin who booked and orchestrated Stewart's arrival in Eugene. In the DJ booth at the end of the night, as Stewart's set came to a close, he and Connell grabbed hands a la ballroom dance and did a short twirl of celebration.

Then they asked if he would come back again. They talked about campus shows, all-ages events, anything that could attract a bigger turn-out. Coffin looked at his fellow opening DJ and co-conspirator with a glimmer of hope and a twinkle of Heineken: "He says he likes all-ages." Stewart laughed hard at the unintended pun. "Whoa there, buddy," he said. "Whoa there."



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Stephen Wooten

OREGON VOICE



Rebecca Force

THE LANGUAGE OF *Money* words MEREDITH DARNELL

Money talks, and so do we. Except when we talk about money, we call it all kinds of things that continue to evolve with every generation. The Etymology Department of the **OREGON VOICE** has compiled a comprehensive guide to talkin' about the stuff that fills (or doesn't fill) your wallet.

"Dough" can refer specifically to counterfeit money in criminal society, and has its origins from the mid-1800s as an alternative for the slang "bread". "Bread" then comes from the cockney rhyme of "bread and honey", translating to "money".

"Moola" first appeared in 1939 in the play Pal Joey according to the journal American Speech, quoting, "I may not have enough moola to drown my sorrows in milkshakes..."

"Smackers / Smackeroos" derives from English slang around the 1940s, referring to the notion of smacking notes down onto a table.

"Mad Money" meant "money a woman carries in case she has a row with her escort and wishes to go home alone" in 1929, but transformed by 1978 to mean "money to be spent foolishly."

Though several terms were coined (pun not intended) in past generations, current slang certainly does not lack originality, as seen in E-40's vocabulary in which he uses "scrilla" to describe his cash.

"Scrilla" most likely derives from the word "scroll", used for paper.

In the wise words of Snoop Dogg, "with my mind on my money and my money on my mind," our language of money shows itself to be ever changing, yet connected to its historical roots and always prevalent.

off the waffle authentic liège waffles



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LOO\$E CHANGE

Rebecca Force	Stephen Wooten
DEPARTMENT: Journalism	DEPARTMENT: Anthropology/ International & African Studies
GRADING TOUGHNESS: Critical but not unfair	GRADING TOUGHNESS: Doesn't accept bullshit
BADASS-NESS: "She's da woman."	BADASS-NESS: There are children in rural Mali named after Stephen Wooten.
LECTURING STYLE: Blunt	LECTURING STYLE: Great discussions, but prone to tangents
CUDDLINESS: Mama polar bear	CUDDLINESS: It's overwhelming.

Look for more Professor Trading Kardz™ in our upcoming issues. Make sure you never miss an issue of OREGON VOICE ever, or else your collection will be incomplete and therefore worthless.

OREGON VOICE PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ™ GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL



How to get (drunk off of) food stamps

words WOODWARD BERNSTEIN



Use the government to help reach your daily caloric quota.

Full-time students in the state of Oregon will need:

- Social Security Card and government-issued identification
 - Pay stubs and/or proof of ASUO stipends. Twenty hours per week minimum.
 - Financial Aid award letter. • Proof of Rent, or lease agreement.
 - Documentation of bills (e.g., EWEB).
- Maximum benefits: \$200 a month.

Now that that is out of the way...

Use the government to help reach your weekly inebriation quota:

- Rice Cooking Wine. Label clearly states: "Not a Beverage." Twelve percent ABV suggests otherwise. Kinda Sketch.
- Turn bread into wine. Trade your friends \$15 of food for \$10 of alcohol, or other mutually agreed upon amount. Fairly Sketch.
- Return food items for store credit. Try high unit cost items like olive oil for maximum efficiency. Super Sketch.

• Brew your own alcohol using items that can be purchased with EBT. Step by step instructions available online or in Wild Fermentation by Sandor Ellix Katz. Not as Sketch.

- **Ginger Champagne.** Ingredients: 1 pound gingerroot, 12 pounds sugar, 5 lemons. Fermentation time: 1 year.
- **Chang** (Nepalese Rice Beer). Ingredients: ½ cup koji. ½ cup sourdough starter. 4 cups cooked rice. Fermentation time: 2 Days. Yeeee.
- **Chicha** (Ancient Andean beverage). Incans believed Chicha to be a "vehicle that linked man to his gods through the fecundity of the earth." Ingredients: 4 cups corn (must be chewed and spit out. For real.), 1 cup polenta. ½ cup berries. Fermentation time: 2 weeks.
- **Mead.** Ingredients: Willamette Valley Honey (see natural foods store bulk aisle), McKenzie River water from your tap. Fermentation time: 2-6 months. Perhaps the most environmentally sustainable alcoholic beverage in Cascadia. Get Drunk.

Radiohead announces six days ahead of time that they will release a new album, *The King of Limbs*, then release it a day early.

Ninkasi breaks from 22-oz. adherence and releases Total Domination and Spring Reign six-packs.

President Obama is brewing his own beer for St. Patrick's Day.

To you, for reading the Oregon Voice.

CTRUM

Carmelo Anthony is traded to the New York Knicks, inspiring hope in millions of fans that the team might *actually* make the playoffs.

Good samaritans from Egypt and twelve other countries worldwide call in pizza orders for protesters in Wisconsin, selling out the local pizzeria.

MAD RESPECT

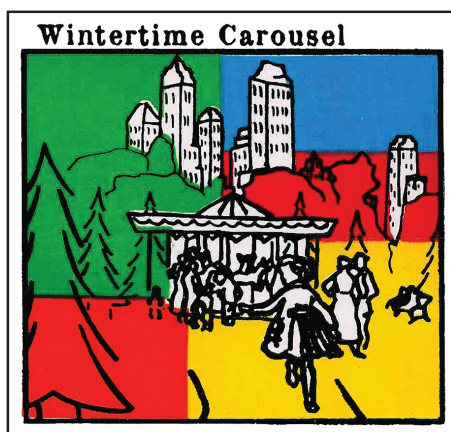
REVIEWS

Artist: WINTERTIME CAROUSEL
Album: *Grief in Movement*

words BRETT SISUN

On one particular night in February that hung with a dreamy, waning moon, I came across Wintertime Carousel's *Grief in Movement*. The emerging student band's mellow, progressive sound brings you into a peaceful indie-rock refuge; their newly released debut is a cozy companion on a winter night.

Within the depths of *Grief in Movement*, sounds emerge and meander like kite strings tangled up in a breezy ocean pier.



The opening track "Naïveté," features a solo guitar movement, which is both soothing and cryptic (as with most of the tracks on the album). Following this, a speedy drum roll kicks up the tempo with "Alchemy," and these boys are off into a dreamland. The music is well paced, filled to the gill with surfer rock reverb guitar and drawn out vocal melodies. They take time and care with each moment allowing it a full dose of their calm and clean energy.

"Optimism," features a faraway slide guitar that sounds similar to the lighter Dan Auerbach. "New York," another notable, could be compared to the rich and dramatic songwriting of Nick Drake. The music is very pleasant throughout the album, though sometimes the melancholy air contained in all of the tracks melts them together and it is hard to tell when one song begins and another ends. That's not to say that any of the music is poorly made: It's clear that these musicians spent a lot of time and passion working it out, but as an album, perhaps there is just a bit too much 'grief' in the movement. However, the music is as relaxing as lying in meadow grass on a midsummer's night, and for a debut album it's more than respectable. If you are planning on hibernating peacefully in a snow cave anytime soon, Wintertime Carousel is perfect for you.

Rated: The Novemberists.

GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR GETS METAPHYSICAL AT THE CRYSTAL

words CARA MERENDINO

As humans, we are granted the esoteric splendor of being able to experience otherwise unspeakable emotion through the spell of sound. We have the divine pleasure of enlightening instants in which the perfect song becomes the soundtrack to our most cinematic life moments. We can lose and rediscover our minds as our bodies slave to the groove of a truly amazing band that will pass through that one bar in that one town that once, and probably that once only. We can jam with our friends and share the creativity of our collective brain flow, sing to our favorite songs alone in the car and feel like rock stars, and now, humans can experience Godspeed You! Black Emperor as they bend the space-time continuum with their music.

On February 18th, I was lucky enough to get blissed out by Godspeed You! Black Emperor, the Canadian post-rock granddaddies who, until coming back to tour a few major cities this year, have been on an "indefinite hiatus" since '03. Their one Oregon stop was at the Crystal Ballroom in Portland. Tickets went on sale at the end of September for upwards of seventy bills, and sold out within a week — but alas! This reporter was lucky enough to score one the day before the show for twenty-five bones, though in retrospect I would have paid a billion. That's right.

Because Godspeed played for two hours and forty-five minutes, without so much as saying a word. Guitarist Mike Moya played his six-string with a screwdriver that sounded ethereal as all hell, or heaven. The nine-piece collective had the audience in the deepest hypnosis of aural expedition, as live video projections displaying simple, but overtly radical anti-Capitalist imagery washed over the stage. GY!BE took everyone in the room on a voyage through cascading waves of soft, muttering guitar tones and trembling snares which ebbed (very) slowly to surreptitious but roaring violin solos and thunderous reverb, making so much as a sway to the beat seem impossible and yet somehow, my limbs took control of me.

I have long been a subscriber to the Church of Live Music, as a truly amazing musical performance has been the closest

thing to enlightenment I have found in my (nearly) twenty-two years on this earth. If there was a Pope of that church, and the Pope was picked based on the most intrinsically stimulated musical performance of all time, it would be Godspeed.

Bottom line: seeing Godspeed is not like going to a concert, at all. It's like going to church. But instead of listening to a sermon in your Sunday's best, pastors of rock deliver a sonic epiphany that brings deep introspection, release, and awe-inspiring belief in something bigger.

There are only so many word combinations that can begin to describe what happened in the room when Godspeed You! Black Emperor took the stage. Ten thousand wouldn't be enough, or too many. If you believe in the power of sound, see this show for yourself if it ever comes around again. It might change your life forever, or at the very least, expect to get reconstructive surgery after your face has melted into a pile of goo on the floor.

Rated: Seven out of Multiple Aur-gasms During Morning Sex with Zeus.

Artist: LUCK-ONE
Album: *True Theory*
Label: Architect Entertainment

words NOAH PORTER

Luck-One stands out as one of the few rap artists from the rose city to garner some buzz on a national scale. Following the digital release of his debut EP *Beautiful Music* in 2009, the North Portland native joined the likes of Braille, Lifesavas, and Illmaculate — hometown hip-hop acts whose fan bases span outside of the 503 area code. *Beautiful Music* received boatloads of praise from the blogosphere. Popular hip-hop source *Illroots.com* even went as far as to call the seven-song EP "too fucking dope to be free." Now, two years later, Luck returns with his first full-length release, *True Theory*.

Most noticeably, this album is extremely well produced. Luck, who has a great ear for beats, enlists the local talents of Trox, Terminill, Tony Ozier, and Dekk (among others) to provide the soundscapes for the album, and they all came through for him. The pinnacle of the production is present in the album's second track, "Resistance," a guitar-driven megabanger complete with hard-hitting drums and a squelching organ produced by former Eugene-ian Trox Diesel. Unfortunately, Luck's flow comes off a bit too hype here, rendering his cleverly penned lyrics nearly unintelligible. This seems to be a re-occurring problem throughout the album, especially on the harder-hitting tracks. While his technical microphone skills are in-

disputable, there are some adjustments to be made for listenability's sake.

However, this problem in delivery is completely absent on the album's more low-key tracks, on which Luck's chilled-out flow comes across smoother than the most loquacious pick-up artist. His eloquent lyricism shines through in those instances where he opts for the laid-back delivery that was so present on *Beautiful Music*. This silky cadence provides for some of the best edutainment Portland has ever seen, specifically on tracks like "Sounds of My City," "Prototype" and the album's gem of a hidden track, "I Believe (Remix)."

Rated: USA vs. USSR out of Tupac and Biggie.

Show: *PORTLANDIA*
Channel: IFC

words **ALEX MARGA**

Hipster culture has slapped the Pacific Northwest like a flyswatter. It's nearly impossible to turn a corner without running into a fixie, a twirled mustache, or a pair of antique shoes. The state of Oregon has embraced this subculture, and until now the rest of the nation had to imagine what life is like in hipster nation.

With IFC's newest television series *Portlandia* (2011), creators Fred Armisen



(SNL) and Carrie Brownstein (Sleater-Kinney) capture the spirit of Portland's subcultures with small sketches. But do the sketches work?

Each episode has the same format: There's about three or four mini clips making fun of the Portland lifestyle, with one general plot line running straight through. For example, the second episode features a few little sketches about safe words, bicyclist rights, and feminist bookstores, all inter-

twined with the main story of how the mayor (played by Kyle MacLachlan) wants Fred and Carrie to write a song about Portland.

Although it's all funny material, each episode feels like a series of *SNL* Digital Shorts packed into 30 minutes. While the sketches are really entertaining and filled with Portland-specific humor, putting them together in TV show format just doesn't sit well. Some shorts are really hit and miss, and few are memorable. This show would work better if it were an online miniseries (like *The Guild*). That way, watching the sketches alone would make the jokes and satire more entertaining.

In the show's defense, it accurately portrays Portland. Each scene embodies a certain lifestyle that we encounter in the state of Oregon, and to see it summed up is pretty fantastic. So hipsters, if you feel like you need to escape into the realm of laughing at others, check out *Portlandia*. It might just blow your mind.

Rated: Rat Tails out of Hipster Calling Cards.

Product Review: LIL' KIM CHEE
Company: Pickled Planet
words **TYLER PELL**

Save for cheap malt liquor and over-priced champagne, the worlds of hip-hop and fermentation rarely collide. But in the Southern Oregon haven known commonly as Ashland, Cortland Jennings and his Pickled Planet staff are changing the game.

Since 2002, the Pickled Planet mission has been to "provide the State of Jefferson and beyond with organic, lacto-fermented goodies." My personal favorite: "Lil' Kim Chee" the Planet's unique variation on the Korean staple.

Humans began fermenting vegetables over six thousand years ago in Manchuria. Their immune boosting properties have made them easily one of the top three well known pro-biotics on the planet.

Lil' Kim, of course, is the Brooklyn-born rapper famous both for her criminal record and raunchy lyrics. Kim Chi (or Chee) is more or less the Korean word for fermented vegetables. The average Korean adult eats one-half pound of it every day in the winter.

"I am a fan of Lil' Kim, though not really enough to rattle off any of her lyrics or anything. She's a dope female rapper and gets my love for being there. The product named after her is really different from traditional Korean Kim Chi, it's really a sauerkraut with some ingredients one might find in Kim Chi and it is spicy," explained Jennings.

Though Lil' Kim Chee isn't Kim Chee per se, but sauerkraut with carrots, daikon radish, ginger, garlic and cayenne, it's amongst the best I've tasted, and the name is, well, super fucking sick.

Rated: Zamboni Driver out of Super-chill Occupations.



Artist: THE DODOS
Album: *No Color*
Label: French Kiss

words **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

The Dodos are one of those super solid and consistent bands that kind of feels like a good friend you can always fall back on. So when I heard that they were coming out with *No Color*, I was excited, but a little nervous. Would my old friends change their musical style? Would they be able to improve upon 2009's *Time to Die*? Or would I find myself listening to something that sounded all too familiar?

The new album starts off running to the quick, firm beat of "Black Night." It includes the Dodos' distinctive heavy percussion, a quality that makes you want to either pump iron or frolic. It was enough to get me amped for the rest of the album.

I was pleasantly surprised to hear some deviation from their normal ensemble with a violin part in "Sleep" and xylophone in "Hunting Season." Little flares like these kept my ears perked. Meric Long's deft fingerpicking, prominent in the album's later final songs "Companions" and "Don't Stop," is reminiscent of his solo work.

I'm trying to draw some comparisons to other bands for you, but I feel like it's not really working. The Dodos are their own kind of beast, and I like it that way. Oh, and this beast is still a very good friend of mine.

Rated: Acid Washed Skinny Jeans out of Camouflaged Cargo Shorts.

Dance It Yourself...

words **WILLIAM MEHIGAN**

photos **SREANG HOK**

An increasing number of songs that get radio play are about learning dance moves. Two that immediately come to mind are "Teach Me How to Dougie" and "Teach Me How to Jerk." But when are we going to hear "This Is How to Jerk"? Probably never. That's why this **OREGON VOICE** DIY feature is more than necessary. Be sure to bring this issue to the next party you go to, and use it as a guide when any of these songs are played.

JERKIN': There are specific songs that are about jerkin', such as "You're a Jerk" by LA teen duo The New Boyz. However, you can jerk to any relatively up-tempo hip-hop song.

The main step is the Jerk. It is basically the same as doing the Charleston without putting your hands on your knees. (Pictures 1-4)

The other key point in jerkin' is the Reject. This move is like the Running Man backwards.



1. Stand on your right foot and raise your left foot in front of you.



2. Jump to move your right foot forward while bringing your left foot back.



3. Once your right foot has landed, put your left foot on the ground.



4. Raise your right foot and repeat steps one through four, except with the opposite foot. Ideally this all happens fluidly and with your feet hitting the ground to the beat.



Keeping your feet in the same place, move your knees further apart and closer together to the beat as you lean from side to side.



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DOUGIE: This move was popularized with Cali Swag District's "Teach Me How to Dougie." I always found this move to be especially mysterious because it's so loosely defined. There is a lot of room for improvisation, as long as you anchor it with the move named after legendary hip-hop performer Doug E. Fresh.

Just lean side to side and occasionally brush your hair with your hand.



THE COOKING DANCE: The biggest proponent of this move is Bay Area rapper Lil' B. Like most things associated with him, the only person who truly understands the Cooking Dance is Lil' B himself, and it's totally possible that he doesn't understand it either. Lil' B, or the Based God, is only 21 and has released over 1,500 songs for free on the internet. Many of these songs mention "cooking," a dance associated only with the genre Lil' B invented, Based music.

As far as I can tell, the Cooking Dance consists of frowning, shaking your head skittishly, holding your arms out while pretending to use frying pans and knives, and occasionally pretending to eat food with an imaginary spoon.



Make It Rain!

words **BEN STONE**

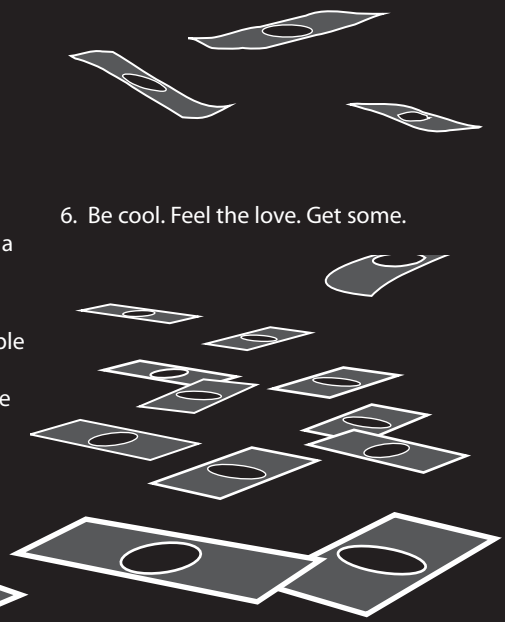
art **NICK JACOBS**

1. Center yourself. Breathe slowly, deeply, and intentionally. Relax every one of your movements into a completely chill state.
2. Casually make a massive cash withdrawal at an ATM or bank teller window. The more cash, the better.
3. Find a centrally located spot to stand in a crowded, enclosed area (e.g. a club, a restaurant, a hospital waiting room) and assume a wide, confident stance. A good ventilation breeze is essential.

4. Draw attention towards yourself. This can be done by dressing in loudly colored clothes, dancing wildly, yelling freestyle rhymes, or selling joke books and playing a rubber chicken.

5. Once people notice you, employ a flexible hand technique that allows you to scatter your bills into the air in a wide radius above your head. If done correctly, they should flutter down around you like a super-fly rainstorm.

6. Be cool. Feel the love. Get some.



The background is a vertical wood grain texture. Overlaid on this are several abstract geometric shapes: a large blue circle at the top left, a long dark blue horizontal bar below it, a large red triangle pointing left on the middle left, a green triangle pointing down in the center, a yellow triangle pointing down on the right, a large red circle at the bottom center, a small brown triangle pointing down to its right, a small olive green circle on the far right, and a long olive green horizontal bar at the bottom right.

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